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Poetry.

THE CHILDREN'S ROOM.

How peaceful at night
The sleeping children lie,
Each gentle breath so light
Escaping like a sigh!
How tranquil seems the room, how fair
To one who softly enters there!

Whose hand are those, unseen,
That smooths each little bed?
Whose locks are those that lean
Over each pillowed head?
Whose lips caress the boys and girls?
Whose fingers stroke the golden curls?

Whose are the yearning eyes,
And whose the trembling tear?
Whose heart is this that cries,
Beseeching God to hear?
Whose but the mother's in whose face
Love shows its sweetest dwelling place?

Her hopes in beauty bloom,
And heaven sends down its light,
Which lingers in the room
Where mother says: "Good night."
Soft treading by the sleepers there,
Her very presence seems a prayer!
—Buffalo Commercial.

YOUR EYE ON THE COMPASS.

Keep your eye on the compass
If the sea run shigh
And the ocean's inky billows
Mock the blackness of the sky,
When beating up against the winds
So pitiless and strong,
Keep your eye on the compass
And you can't go wrong.

Keep your eye on the compass
And your white light trimmed,
Though the moon hide in the heavens
And the stars are dimmed;
Though the voyage may be lonely
And the way seem long,
Keep your eye on the compass
And you can't go wrong.

Keep your eye on the compass,
It will guide you o'er the deep,
Will show you where the north star is
And where the flowers sleep
In the sunny south. No matter
If the way seem slong,
Keep your eye on the compass
And you can't go wrong.
—Cy Warman in New York Sun.

AUTUMNAL DREAMS.

When the maple turns to crimson
And the sassafras to gold;
When the gentian's in the meadow
And the aster's on the wold;
When the moon is lapped in vapor
And the night is frosty cold;

When the chestnut burrs are opened
And the acorns drop like hail,
And the doorway air is startled
With the thumping of the flail—
With the drumming of the partridge
And the whistle of the quail,

Through the rustling woods I wander,
Through the jewels of the year,
From the yellow uplands calling,
Seeking her that still is dear;
She is near me in the autumn,
She, the beautiful, is near.
—Bayard Taylor.

A FEW WORDS FROM THE WIFE.

"Yes, I'll economize, my dear,
Of course, you know will;
I feel that money has been scarce,
And that it is so still.
My bonnets shall be very plain,
My dresses very few;
Still, I must dress becomingly,
In compliment to you.
But you must help in this as well—
This notion's not mamma's—
You really should stop smoking, dear,
Those fifty-cent cigars,
And give up various 'little games'
That you have had in hand;
I don't propose to do it all,
I'll let you understand."
—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Miscellany.

LIGHT OF DARKEST LONDON.

Rev. Samuel Barnett and His Work in the Whitechapel District.

Rev. Samuel Barnett, vicar of St. Jude's in the Whitechapel district of London, upon whom a canonry has just been conferred, is one of the most active of London clergymen, and social politicians. Rev. Mr. Barnett and his wife are more largely responsible than any two other people for the influx of well-to-do philanthropic persons into the Whitechapel region. It was Mr. Barnett who instituted the St. Jude's art exhibitions and many another scheme for the social, material and educational improvement of the East Ender. It is to him that the university "settlements" in East London are due. He was, if not the founder at any rate the organizer and active promoter and manager of Toynbee Hall and its colony. Toynbee, founded in memory of a talented and estimable young Oxford man who died during the early seventies, has had a host of imitators and followers, and now most of the Oxford colleges and many of the great public schools have their own private "settlements" in East or South London.

SAMUEL BARNETT.

The university extension scheme is also much indebted to Mr. Barnett; in fact, he has regarded it as his principal task to bring Oxford and Oxford "culture" into contact with the people. He is now in his fiftieth year and has held his parish in the East End for over twenty years.

Absent-Minded.

Absent-Minded Professor—"How do you do, Miss Schimmelpfenig?"

Miss Schimmelpfenig—"I am very well, thank you."

Professor—"But why are you in mourning?"

Miss Schimmelpfenig—"Don't you know, professor, that my father died last week?"

Professor—"You don't tell me so! When you go home tell your father that I am very sorry to hear of his affliction."—Siftings.

Early Skepticism.

Inquiring Boy—Mamma, don't the little angels have a good time in heaven?

Mamma—Certainly, my child. Why do you ask?

Inquiring Boy—Because it says here in the prayer book: "The cherubim and seraphim continually do cry."—Life.

A Freezing Reply.

He (poetically)—Fly with me and in some leafy bower we will dwell and live on the nectar of the gods?"

She (practically)—"I would like to, Eugene, but I am afraid that with your present salary we couldn't afford anything more elaborate than pork chops and beer."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Not a Linguist.

Mrs. Worldly—"If, as you say, your master kissed you against your will, why did you not cry 'Help'?"

French Maid—"Ah, madame! Zat ees juste ze vord of vich I could not sluk at ze moment. Zen, ven I remember eet, eet vas too late. He haf keesed me t'ree, four, five time."—Puck.

A Mystery Explained.

"You have natural affility for acting, Vanchump. Whatever kept you off the stage?"

"The stage manager, my dear boy," replied Vanchump.—Texas Siftings.

JACKSON PARK SKETCHES.

"That's a great hat your friend is wearing over there," said a man whose raiment pronounced him an irresistible wag.

"Over where?" asked a stationary engineer.

"Over there by the statue of the republic."

"I don't see it."

"You are not looking closely enough."

"Well, whose hat is it?"

"Why Perry's tie," cried the wag, almost choking with mirth.

And the engineer remained stationary.

"Have you a hop exhibit?" asked a beefy brewer of Milwaukee of an attendnt in the Australian booth in Agricultural hall.

"None that we are proud of," replied the antipodean. "The best we have is that one over there," and the thin, white finger of the young man was turned upon a stuffed kangaroo.

"I thought they had abolished polygamy in Utah," remarked an old woman as she ran her eyes over a programme of the Welsh eisteddfod in Festival hall.

"So they have," replied her friend. "Why are you in doubt?"

"Why just look at the names of the singers in that Mormon choir. There are only two families in the organization—the Joneses and the Evanses."

"What sort of ore is that?" asked a man in the California state building.

"That's gold," replied the attendant.

"Dug out of the mine like that?"

"Certainly; all the specimens you see before you are free gold."

"Well, then, just wait a moment till I open this satchel. I want one of those chunks to take home."

There was a race on the Midway Plaisance between dromedaries and camels.

"That beast with the two humps on his back 'interferes,'" observed a man in striped trousers.

"Not necessarily," replied a man from Southern Illinois. "He's just run over my mother-in-law."

"Isn't there a good deal of water in this wine?" asked a visitor who had just drawn his beak from a glass of red juice in the California building.

"Possibly," replied the attendant. "You see it was made during the rainy season."

"Is this transportation day?" asked a man whose trousers were covered with dust.

"It is," replied the guard."

"That's funny."

"How's that?"

"Why, the cable's broke at Twenty-sixth street, and I had to walk out here. You must have made a mistake in picking your date."

"I am surprised that you have no mussels in your exhibit," said a man in the fisheries building.

"It's evident that you are a stranger in town," replied the attendant. "You will find the muscles at the down-town variety theaters, where they have got all the strong men."

MUSIC THAT SPEAKS TRUTH.

Folk Songs Show Habits, Beliefs and Feelings of Countless Ages.

In the folk songs of the different nations of the world men of science will one day recognize a body of evidence of great value in the study of popular origins, racial relations, primitive modes of thought, ancient customs, antique religions and many other things which make up the study of ethnology, says a writer in the Musical Herald. These folk songs are the echoes of the heart beats of the vast, vague, irresistible people. In them are crystalized habits, beliefs and feelings of unspeakable antiquity yet not in the words of the songs alone. Study of folk songs text is only half study; indeed, it is study of the lesser half of the subject in respect of truthfulness. The words of the people's songs are a record of externals chiefly, and very often they are only half truths. If we would know the whole story which their creators put into them, consciously or unconsciously, we must hear also the music.

As the term implies, the folk song is the product of a people; and a people do not lie. Music is an essential element of it, and music not only does not—it cannot lie. The things which are at the bottom of music, without which it could not be, are unconscious human products. We all act on a recognition of this fact when we judge of the sentiments of another, not so much by what he says to us as by his manner of saying it. The feelings which sway us publish themselves in the pitch dynamic intensity and timbre of our voices. Try as we may, if we are powerfully moved we cannot conceal the fact if we open our mouths for utterance. Involuntarily the muscles of the vocal organs become tense or relax in obedience to the emotional stimulus, and the drama which is playing on the bidden stage of our hearts is disclosed by the tones which we utter. I do not say in the words, mind, but in the tones are endowed with the elements already enumerated, of pitch, intensity and timbre, and the modulation of these elements makes expressive melody. Silence has recognized this law and Herbert Spencer has formulated it: "Variations of the voices are the physiological results of variations of feelings;" and "feelings are muscular stimuli." Thus simple is the explanation of the inherent truthfulness and expressiveness of the people's music.

On the Rialto.

Bombastes—Jenkins has just come back from trying his first play on a dog.

Furioso—Yes? And how's he feeling?

Bombastes—Oh, he'll recover, the doctors think. But the poor dog's dead.

Appreciation.

Boston Woman—"Oh, I do so love the fields on our New England farms?"

New York Girl—"Why?"

Boston Woman—"Because they are so cultivated, you know."—Truth.

A Weak-Minded Clock.

"This clock shows the phases of the moon," said the jeweler.

"Ah, a crazy clock!" replied the customer.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, a Luna tick."—Judge.

Too Bad.

He—"I came very near proposing to you the other night."

She—"I'm glad you didn't. I'd miss your visits ever so much."—Brooklyn Life.

How Those Girls Love One Another.

Ethel—Yes, I'll accept him if he proposes. But don't tell him so.

Maud—Of course not. I don't want to put a stumbling-block in the way of his proposing.—Truth.

A Poem.

Mrs. Smythe—"That bonnet in Trimmin's window is a perfect poem, John."

Smythe—"So I imagined from the number of women I saw scanning it."—Exchange.

She Was Accommodating.

The Old Friend—I hear you are engaged, Fanny. Can it be possible you are going to marry that young Fiddleback?

The Heiress—Oh, no. He asked me as a favor to become engaged to him for a few weeks, to help out his credit.—Exchange.

Directions Shown by the Hands.

The left hand shows the natural inclination; the right the direction in which the individual is traveling. In left-handed people these conditions are reversed.

AN APE FEEDS RATS.

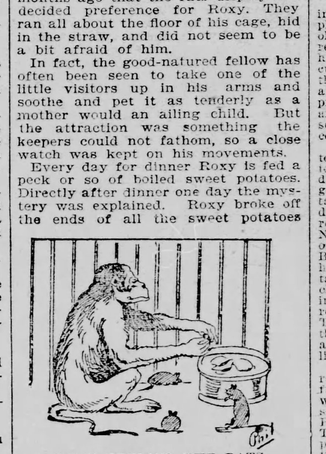
He Made Pets of the Rodents in His Cage.

Not far from the cage of the two bears at the Zoo, Roxy, the big ape, is confined. Two weeks ago Roxy was a well-satisfied and amiable ape, but now he is morose and acts very much like a person with a vigorous case of indigestion. The reason for this is because he has lost his playmates, says the Philadelphia Record.

Head Keeper Byrne noticed several months ago that the rats displayed a decided preference for Roxy. They ran all about the floor of his cage, hid in the straw, and did not seem to be a bit afraid of him.

In fact, the good-natured fellow has often been seen to take one of the little visitors up in his arms and soothe and pet it as tenderly as a mother would an ailing child. But the attraction was something the keepers could not fathom, so a close watch was kept on his movements.

Every day for dinner Roxy is fed a peck or so of boiled sweet potatoes. Directly after dinner one day the mystery was explained. Roxy broke off the ends of all the sweet potatoes



ROXY FEEDING THE RATS.

and tossed them about the floor of hiscage. In less than two minutes a dozen or more rats were inside having a good meal.

Steps were taken to abate the nuisance. A big wire trap was baited with toasted cheese and other dainties so toothsome to the average rodent. But it was no use, because Roxy insisted on feeding them the succulent sweet potato, and the trap remained untenanted. Therefore the big fellow's sweet potato supply was withheld one day, and a liberal supply placed in the trap. That night Roxy's screams were heard in the remotest ends of the gardens, and the trap became so full of rats that the door refused to shut.

Every time one of the doomed rats approached the tempting trap Roxy shook the bars of his cage and shrieked with fury. He did everything in the world he could to warn his little friends, but they all took the fatal step. The trap was kept there for several days, and now Roxy is alone in his misery.

Superintendent Brown has given an order for a rubber rat to be constructed, and if this does not take the place of the lost pets Roxy will be given a place where he will be close to a cage of monkeys, and it is thought their antics will be sufficient to keep his mind off his recent loss.

SOME KINDS OF MEN

That Have a Place in Unwritten War History.

All kinds of human nature bob up at the infirmary. The motley throng that comes and goes is like a revolving sign in a show window.

Recently an aged soldier of the Sixty-second Illinois Volunteers, came to be transported to Joliet, where he expects to get a pension. He is well known to the officials as a failure in everything. Once he was a preacher, but in peace or war he was in the background.

Another, known to be shiftless and unworthy, drifted in and made a claim based on his qualities as a soldier and his services to the state.

A prominent member of the G. A. R. said as he left, "We have them too. Every organization must number some unworthy ones. That man belongs to the class that always got very sick when there was a prospect of a fight. It was amusing, as well as disgusting, to observe how the sick list swelled when danger was ahead.

"I recollect meeting, during the war, an officer who was about to take charge of a small regiment or company of men composed almost entirely of bums, real genuine bums. After discussing the character of his temporary command, which he was about to remove to another place, I said something about provisions for the journey. 'Provisions,' said the lieutenant, 'don't be alarmed. Those fellows would steal their way through a graveyard.'"

"Yes, it's true, the army had plenty of just such men," said another prominent man present, "I was in the cavalry service and recollect a good many incidents of the kind. On one occasion we received orders that were supposed to mean hot fighting. We left the usual number of bums and cowards in camp. They had been taken ill as soon as the order was issued, but they made a mistake that day. The enemy we expected to encounter swept right through the camp while we were gone. The sick men were roughly handled and taken prisoners."

HE SOOTHED HOPKINS.

A Story of a London Hospital Nurse.

A Portland physician, says the Argus of that city, tells the following story premising it with the remark that nurses in the London hospitals are rather apt to lay too much stress on the advantages received by the patients and to remind them of the duty of thankfulness. Sometimes the patients do not appreciate their good fortune. This scene from a London hospital related by the physician above indicated is a case in point:

Chaplain—So poor Hopkins is dead! I should have liked to speak to him once again and soothe his last moments. Why didn't you call me?

Hospital Orderly—I didn't think you ought to be disturbed for 'Opkins, sir, so I just soothed him as best I could myself.

Chaplain—Why, what did you say to him?

Orderly—"'Opkins," sez I, "you're mortal bad." "I am," sez 'ee. "'Opkins," sez I, "I don't think you'll get better." "No," sez 'ee. "'Opkins," sez I, "you're going fast." "Yes," sez 'ee. "'Opkins," sez I, "I don't think you can 'ope to go to 'eaven." "I don't think I can," sez 'ee. "Well, then, 'Opkins," sez I, you'll go to 'ell." "I suppose so," sez 'ee. "'Opkins," sez I, "you ought to be wery grateful, as there's a place perwided for you, and that you've got somewhere to go." And I think 'ee 'eard me, sir, and then 'ee died.

A Hint for the Senate.

Louisville Courier-Journal:—There is said to be a tribe in Africa which requires public speakers to stand on one leg during their addresses, and when they become exhausted their time has expired. This regulation is respectfully referred to the Senate committee on Rules.

Failed to Work.

Burglar (rousing the sleeping head of the family)—Don't move or I'll shoot? What's your money bid?

Head of the Family (struck by a bright thought)—It's in the pocket of my wife's dress.

Burglar—That's all right. I'll just take the dress. Thanks.—Chicago Tribune.

Couldn't Stand the Shock.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going in bathing, sir," she said.
"Can I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"The water's too salt for you," she said.
—Truth.

SOME INTERESTING FACTS

About the Daughters of the American Revolution.

The society of Sons of the Revolution is somewhat understood in this city, although it has few representatives here, not even all who are entitled having claimed a membership. But very little appears to be known about the society of Daughters. It is the same thing. To be eligible one must trace direct lineage to some revolutionary hero, in fact one must know who one's great-grandfather was, and he must be worth knowing when he is found.

There is a patriotic interest in belonging to such a society. It is in the first place an incentive to the examination of old records, and in looking into them the reader will often gather some items of history, some unpublished episode or occurrence which throws light upon something else already known. This very examination of old records leads to their preservation and the collection of obscure and often valuable documents and manuscripts which to the historian—even of a country—become important.

This investigation of records in regard to our late war was not left to posterity to pursue under difficulties. How the details of every engagement have been gone over, the motives which led to certain events have been tested and sentenced during the lives of the actors and the result left clear and decided for all time. Not so with many of the most interesting occurences of the war of the Revolution. By the work of these societies, old letters have been brought to light in which certain grand reviews by the commander-in-chief are minutely described, certain sayings of Cornwallis reported, or as "it is respectfully written, Lord Cornwallis. These and similar manuscripts are for the first time made public under the management of these researches for patriotic literature.

In a certain old-fashioned mahogany secretary in this city are contained letters from a young officer of the Revolutionary war, and also letters from his great-grandsons written from "the front" on the Potomac and in the Appomattox swamps. The difference in style shows sharply the propriety and state lines of the earlier time, and the utter disregard of elegance so prevalent at present. When General Washington visits the camp before Yorktown, it is written of as "the Grand Reviews of the soldiery by His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief." Gen. Lafayette is spoken of as "The Marquis" or sometimes in full as General, the Marquis de la Fayette." Lord Cornwallis as we have said is given his title as also are other English officers, and their army respectfully referred to as "the enemy." The writer addresses his father in these letters as Rond'e Sir, and fortunately for their preservation, they are formally written in ink in a handsome scriptlike engraving. Note the contrast. The modern letters are often scratched in pencil, addressed sometimes to Dear Folks at Home. The enemy becomes "the rebels" or "the Johnny rebs." A grand review on the Potomac is given thus, "Old Abe came down from Washington to-day and looked over the boys." Lincoln is a plain name, much less his title. Gen. Grant is called "Useless," (Ulysses) the term intended as highly complimentary, for it was in the days of his great popularity and success. A favorite officer is sure to be nicknamed "Joe," being a far more endearing title than General Hooker.

In a hundred years it will be something to trace directly back to one of these heroes of the war of the Rebellion. So it is now a happy heritage to go back to a patriot of the new republic.

Patriotism is a fad in the East and old records a favorite literature, perhaps because it is our only patent of nobility. A more exclusive society is that of Colonial Dames, whose members must trace back five generations before the Revolution and include men of eminence as ancestors. That would take one's genealogy back to the first settlers in New York and New England.

This vogue is sure to strike Toledo. If you ever had a great-grandfather, women of Toledo, look him up, for you may soon be called upon to prove your blue blood, or as one might say, your buff-and-blue blood. Miniatures, silhouettes of ancestors, samplers, pictures of colonial homesteads must be brought out.

A delightful Society of Daughters of the Revolution exists in Cincinnati, also in some other cities in Ohio. One of the crush days in Chicago was June 27, when these ladies of old families held a reception at the Woman's building.

SAVED THE OLD KEARSARGE.

Lieut. Harry H. Hosley, in Command of the Nantucket.

The experience of the monitor Nantucket, a veteran of the civil war, and her consort, the historic old Kearsarge, have thrilled the country from Maine to Florida. The corvette stood by the ironclad as long as she could safely do so, but during that terrible night parted both hawsers, and was forced to leave the antiquated craft alone upon the seas. Lieutenant Harry H. Hosley, commanding the Nantucket, saw at a glance that he was suddenly left upon his own resources, and like a true seaman slowed down and faced the storm.

Before the line had parted the monitor offered a sullen resistance to being towed, and seemed to settle back with each sweep of the sea. On she stood, however, with a seemingly

LIEUTENANT H. H. HOSLEY.

passionate desire to bury her nose beneath the crest of each wave, rising again, however, and shaking off the water from her decks. To the men below the swash of eight or ten feet of the Atlantic ocean overhead was not the sweetest music in the world. Not a man deserted his post, however, though the old monitor began to leak at every pore. To windward the sea was a mass of black water and flying spoon-drift, which cut and stung the flesh like a whiplash; and it looked as though the old ironclad could not stagger along under the tons of water that lay upon her decks. She reached Hampton Roads, however, forty-eight hours after.

Mr. Hosley is one of the younger lieutenants of the navy, his number being 202 on the list, says William Nephew King in Harper's Weekly. He entered the service on Sept. 22, 1871, and was graduated four years later. Not until July 18, 1876, did he receive his commission as an ensign. In 1882 he had reached the grade of master, in 1888 that of junior lieutenant, and was promoted to his present rank on March 17, 1889. In the navy register Lieutenant Hosley is credited with eleven years and eight months' sea service and six years and six months of shore duty.

Breaking It Gently.

Will Haver—"Well, so far, we have been able to keep our engagement secret."

May Blume—"Yes; I had a proposal from Mr. Robinson yesterday."

Will Haver—"Indeed! What did you say to the poor fellow?"

May Blume—"Well, of course, I tried to treat him with all possible consideration. I said that I regretted that a previous engagement made it impossible."—Puck.

Efficacious.

"What horrible smell is that?" he asked as he unpacked his winter clothes.

"That's the stuff I used to keep the moths out of them," his wife answered proudly.

"Well, it must have answered the purpose. I know it'll keep me out of 'em."—Washington Star.

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THE EMIGRANT SHIP

By W. CLARK RUSSELL,

AUTHOR OF "LIST, YE LANDSMEN!" "THE ROMANCE OF A TRANSPORT," "THE WRECK OF THE 'GROSVENOR.'" "AN OCEAN TRAGEDY," "THE FROZEN PIRATE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE OATH.

By the height of the sun, as nearly as I could tell, it was about 11 o'clock. The wind blew fresh, the sea ran strong and in wide hollows, and the lift and fall of the ship was as regular as the sweep of a swing. I determined to get an observation, but to keep the reckoning to myself unless the men did what I required. While looking for a sheet of paper I cast my eye over the cabin, but could not observe that it had been occupied, or in any way meddled with, since the day I was sent adrift. I took a seat at the table, and after several experiments framed an oath that satisfied me. I scribbled it on the paper in my pocket. Not for a moment did I suppose that the fellows would regard any oath they kissed the book on as binding. But I was resolved to have the satisfaction of their humiliation, which I intended to render as complete as an audience can make such things.

When it was about half-past 11 I buttoned my coat, put on my cap, and took a seat out of its case. I was pale and somewhat hollow about the eye, and may have betrayed other signs of having suffered. I found Gouger in the cuddy; he made way for me with abject respect.

"Go forward and stop there," said I, "until you're called aft along with the others."

He hurried out with eager obedience, and I liked that response to my orders better than any oath he could have sworn.

When I gained deck I found a spacious, wonderful scene of brilliant morning, splendid everywhere with the hurl of rolling masses of foam, into the sunlight that poured its flashing floodsides of light through clouds of enormous bulk and inconceivable majesty and beauty of tint and figure. I walked slowly forward on some what shaky legs, for up on deck here the headlong pounding of air I did not feel so strong as I had thought myself, and was at the rail over looking the main deck before Brigstock and his companion, whom I knew must be Bull, observed me.

A large number of women were on deck, about two-thirds of the whole; they herded chiefly upon the quarter-deck abaft the mainmast, as though for the shelter of the poop front. I had scarcely shown myself when a voice shrieked out: "There's the captain!"

Almost in a breath, as though moved by a single controlling power, every head rounded toward me in a movement of white faces, and then there arose an amazing, universal, wild cry of greeting, shrieks and screams of welcome, and, mad-clapping, together with a confused sawing of arms and fluttering of handkerchiefs.

"Yer'll stop this time!" squealed a girl.

"We ain't going to let you go again," yelled another.

"There stands the man as would have murdered him, screamed Alice Perry, pointing at Brigstock, and coming in a bounding run to the foot of the poop ladder, "and the beast wants to lay it all on me!"

"You lie, you drab!" bawled Brigstock.

"Captain, may I speak to you?" cried Alice Perry, looking up with a passionate face, wild with blown hair and angry eyes.

There was such a hubbub then that I declined to exert my self, and answering the girl by significantly lifting my sextant, I raised my cap as a general salute, and walked slowly aft, hearing Alice Perry shriek, "Captain, don't let him tell lies of me!" while Brigstock shouted, "Keep down—keep down. Yer can't come up here. Keep down, I say!"

As before when I first took sights in this ship, so now was I watched with particular eagerness by the crowds of females who climbed on to the bulwarks, and, defying Brigstock, heaped themselves upon the poop ladder to observe me while I screwed the sun down to the sea line. I never felt in full possession of the weather quarter-deck. The man Bull had gone forward, and in company with other seamen stared aft from abreast of the galley, where some of the more women of the between decks were talking together. I made noon, and eight bells were instantly struck by some one on the quarter-deck.

Brigstock came along to me while I was figuring to the companion, and respectfully touching his cap, said, "Cap'n, we take this here shooting of the sun all the same as saying that there's no longer any feeling 'twixt you and us men touching the past."

"You may take it as you like," I answered, and without another word went below.

I worked out the latitude with some curiosity, and found that I was wrong in my expectations by about a degree. Indeed the ship had made 70 miles of something in excess of what I had supposed. When I was done with my figures I shouted along the deck for Gouger. In a moment the fellow came running aft, and I ordered him to get me some dinner and a bottle of beer upon the table.

I had scarcely given my orders to Gouger, whom I addressed in a strong, brutal voice, scowling to advise him I was master again, and have a care, when Alice Perry broke out of a group of women and was upon me before I could withdraw.

"Cap'n," she cried, "let me have a word with yer. I'm your girl to the heels, and on my sacred word of honor if yer'll take me as one of your sailors again I'll never have cause to complain of me. Now keep off, do!" she exclaimed, turning upon some women who were gathering about us. "Here have I been charged by that Cobbs and her pal Thomas, with causing the crew to send the cap'n away in a boat and ship me, Judas, if it's a bistered a lie as never was!" she shrieked. "But keep off, will yer, that I may 'ave a word along with 'im."

"What do you wish to say?" I asked, taking her by the hand and bringing her a little way into the cuddy, though keeping her well in view of the quarter-deck.

The truth is I looked upon this Alice Perry as the smartest girl sailor I was likely to find or make in that shipload of females, and I had a sneaking liking for her, too, spite of her wild, bitter, saucy tongue, because I believed her to have a heart, and an honest girl, and I don't say I wasn't a little prejudiced by her looks; she was indeed coarse, but then she was handsome, of that sort of low, vulgar beauty which makes a good figure in the stage when it's viewed afar, and lighted up and softened.

"Don't let that there Brigstock persuade you it was me as made him send yer away in a boat."

"I don't want to go into the matter."

"I'd have locked 'em all up as I told yer," she exclaimed, her eyes flashing with temper, and her cheeks red with it, too, "for they're a measly lot, and a curse to us girls, who don't want nothen to do with 'em. I own I bouhged 'em by saying you'd be glad if some of the women had report we'd locked 'em up down in the hold. That there rag who's Emma Grubb's choosing—he cheeks me one morning—though in the doctor's time they was forbid to speak to us, and," she said, panting for her breath and breathing quickly, "I just looked at him as I'm looking at you, and I says, says I," and here she pitched her voice into an insulting, provoking drawl, "I'm sorry for you, says I, when the cap'n's handed you over to them as have the handling of such vermin.' That was all. So don't let Brigstock tell no more lies of me to you," she rolled her dark fiery eyes as though she would pierce through the plank to the man who was stumping the deck above on the poop.

"Well drop this matter," said I, "and talk of what's to the point. Before I was sent away you refused to be a sailor. Now will you sail under my flag again?"

"What d'yer mean?" said she, staring with passionate earnestness.

"Will you be one of my sailors, and top the list of all hands?—as you're bound to, for you're smart as you're handsome, and as nimble as you're clever, and I can't do without you. Cap'n Morgan, on our arrival at Cadiz will desert his ship. So help me God."

In profoundest silence by all, men and women, was I listened to, not a whisper breaking in. I read by her face that I had her heart, and my voice might be heard above the roar of the white brine on either hand, and the wild whistling and hooting of the wind, splitting on shroud and brace. I looked at Brigstock. All the sailor's eyes were upon him, most of the women's eyes upon me. He chewed while he felt the shape of his chin, then said, "It's a reasonable hearth and well wrote."

"Al must take it," said I, "no use administering it to a few."

Brigstock turned upon the men and asked them, one after another, if they would take the oath they had heard me read, and every man, one after another, said he would. Then Brigstock came to the capstan and took up the Bible, with his eyes fastened upon my face. His manner was exceedingly solemn, perfectly calculated to give all that weight to the ceremony I wanted for it, and to impress the men with a sense of what they were about. I read aloud and he followed, intoning the words nasally in a deep voice, and when I made him say, "So help me God," he pronounced the ejaculation with tremulous fervor, kissing the book slowly and devoutly, bowed and bare-headed, so that I could never imagine an oath sworn with more decency and gravity.

One by one the men stepped up; Brigstock's example worked wholesomely. The oath was recited with reverence, and the Bible kissed with proper devotion in every case. When the eleventh man had sworn I said to Brigstock, "Is Mr. Bull of you?"

"He is," said Brigstock, at which some one among the women on the right laughed, the only interruption that had happened for a long time.

"Then you're joined this ship's company?" said I to Bull.

"It's true sir," he replied in a strong voice, with a vigorous, cheerful smile.

"Am I to understand that you've arranged to settle an island with the rest of the hands?"

"That's it, he answered.

"He's got a partner," said Brigstock.

"Sooner Mutiny," exclaimed Bull, looking across to the women on the port side.

"This is her," cried a girl in a voice of disgust, and several women forced a tall, stout, strapping young woman with red hair and a face out of the ranks. This was attended by much hissing and some laughter. The girl, purple with temper and confusion, fell back heavily into the crowd and got against the bulwarks and, clutching backed on that side by a mass of about forty women, all straining their eyes, all silent, all wondering what was going to happen, looking as though they were to see a man hanged.

Though young, I was not wanting in self-control; I could put on any face that might suit my mood or design, and having been thrown out easy in their presence, easier than in any other company, I gazed steadily at the men one after another, and every time they returned my stare, with here and there perhaps a sullen look, I gave them a look of fierce defiance, as much as to say, "Now, Mr. Harding, and the men of your watch know and are used to you. Is Bull going to make a sartler to please you?"

"He took to the scheme like a babe to a pap-spoon," said I, addressing him, "

at the boat, desiring him to copy exactly the inscription upon the cross.

"Lower away!" I cried.

I stepped away to watch the cross and see what the men did. The boat drew close. Wambold stood up, pencil and paper in hand; he and the cross leaped together on the jump of the sea. I saw him peering with many jerking motions of his head. He then looked round at the ship, peered again at the inscription, looked round again, peered yet afresh, and seemed to me to manifest by his postures the utmost astonishment and incredulity.

I sprang on to the rail in a fit of impatience and excitement.

"Boat ahoy?" I roared; "bear a hand with that copying job, d'ye hear?"

But it occupied the fellow twenty minutes in writing what he read, which looked as though Brigstock had overrated his parts. The boat then returned, and Wambold came over the side.

"What's the inscription?" said I, and I took the paper from Wambold.

The writing was a vile faint scrawl. I was some time making it out, then read aloud:

"To the memory of John Wambold. Aged fourteen. Carved by his sorrowful father, Bartholomain, ship Abydos. Commended to God, the Sailor's Hope."

"A sailor's grave," I exclaimed, and made a step to look again at that strange, pathetic, lonesome ocean memorial.

"Wambold!" exclaimed Brigstock.

I glanced round, and then at the paper, and said, "Yes—Wambold's the name."

"It was my brother," said the cook.

"What! for mean, lucky?" exclaimed Brigstock, while the seamen, nearly all hands of them, who had come aft to hoist the boat, drew close to listen, the women along the bulwarks and deck all stating aft in a long row of white faces and bright eyes and fluttering ribbons and feathers.

"John Wambold was my brother," said Wambold in a gloomy voice, and a stupid, amazed look.

"And the boatswain who sent that thing adrift is your father?" said I.

"He is," answered Wambold.

It was the most extraordinary coincidence I ever heard of.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE INTRA-MURAL ROAD

At the World's Fair Has Not Been a Paying Investment.

The Chicago Post says that the intramural railroad at Jackson Park (three miles of double track) cost the General Electric company $850,000. Up to September 1 it has carried 2,800,000 passengers, and is now carrying from 50,000 to 80,000 passengers daily. By the end of September its receipts will approximate $450,000. If October is as good a month as September, the aggregate income will press $900,000. It being an exhibition plant, running expenses are necessarily very heavy, a large number of high-priced people being employed to talk up the scheme to the trade and to individual representatives of an insatiably inquisitive public. If the direct net returns foot up $400,000 the company will be in luck and that will let it out about even, for there will be 50 per cent salvage in the plant. The Illinois Steel company agreed on putting up the structure to take back the iron and steel entering into its construction at a stipulated figure, and everything excepting the wood work was planned with a view to future availability. Although as an independent commercial venture the intramural will not be profitable, the General Electric people profess to be immensely pleased at the result of their experiment. "It has advanced the electrical business five years," said General Manager Sunny to the writer. "It has demonstrated the practicability, safety and economy of electricity as a motive power on elevated railroads and has converted the most skeptical. Officials of all the 'L' road systems in this city have confessed to me that they wished with all their hearts they were not tied up with steam and they would adopt electricity at once. As it is I expect to see electricity substituted for steam in Chicago and upon every other 'L' road in the country within five years. The saving in the cost of running the roads is demonstrably so great that there can be only one outcome to the problem."

"Why is He So Irritable?"

This question is often heard and nearly as often unanswered.

It is not always remembered, as it should be, that the occasion of ill-temper and irritability is often to be found in the physical condition of the persons affected. What is the use of trying to "harmonize" a man whose liver has gone back on him? If a man is tortured with rheumatism, how can he be expected to be affable and agreeable? Can a confirmed dyspeptic be expected to be cheerful and always ready to tell a funny story? The only way to remove the difficulty is to get at the cause. Dyspepsia, rheumatism, impure blood, and liver troubles yield to Hood's Sarsaparilla; this is why it is an effective tranquilizer, a peaceful messenger, and a preventive of domestic quarrels.

BRILLIANTS.

OLD AND YOUNG.

What does she think of me? I ask myself,
Who am not ignorant what I think of her.
She thinks I am too old and she too young
(She Spring, I Autumn), or thinks not at all
It may be, must be, for she sends no word
That words of mine have reached her. Be it so.
If of herself she does not love me—well,
She need not fear that I shall sue to her—
I am too old for that, and she too young;
But youth, like hers (dear youth!) and age like mine—
Did not Goethe love the young Bettina,
And did not young Bettina love old Goethe?

—Anon.

A SONG.

The year 's a little older grown,
And fair white boughs by green ways blown,
In these new days are no more known.
(Oh, who can bring the May again?)
And we are wiser grown, we two—
Our story's told; each word was true;
And you love me, and I love you.
(Oh, who can bring the May again?)
Was it not sweeter ere we knew?
Yet who can bring the May again?

—Liselte Woodworth Reese.

THE FLOWERS WILL BLOOM AGAIN.

The winds like funeral dirges sigh,
The forest trees their leaves have shed,
And like a pall the snow doth lie
O'er Nature's lovely form, now dead.
But wait; the sun will smile once more,
Nor smile upon the earth in vain;
For, bright as e'er they were of yore,
The beauteous flowers will bloom again.
So when the storms of life strip bare
The sheltering roof tree o'er the head,
And heath the cold snow-wreath of care
Thy fondest hopes, like flowers, lie dead:
Wait, wait; the sun will smile once more,
Nor smile upon the home in vain;
For, bright as e'er they were of yore,
Life's beauteous flowers will bloom again.

The corn is standing in golden rows,
The gardens are rich in things to eat;
Melons are ripe and each man knows
Abundance is spreading at his feet.
Luscious and mellow and passing sweet,
The sky above us is still most blue,
And the sun glares down the livelong day;
But work all done and labor through,
We well can sleep the night away;
For breezes rise at set of sun,
To cool the earth and revive the flowers;
As the evening veil above is hung,
We watch the stars from this world of ours;
And smile at the pleasant autumn hours.

—Brooklyn Magazine.

Very Warm.

Bunker—"Pretty hot yesterday, wasn't it?"

Hill—"Hot is no name for it. My wife put a pickerel in a soup-tureen and he perspired so much he was swimming around inside of thirty minutes."—Exchange.

An Unpoetic Poet.

A young man, evidently much the worse for wear and tear, looking as if he would as soon slug the Muse in the neck as not, left this touching poem on the editor's desk and walked out without a word:

"After the ball is over,
After the break of morn,"
My head is so big I have to
Put on my hat with a shoe horn.

—Exchange.

Recognized His Step.

"Did you know that I passed your door last evening?" said the young man, tenderly.

"Of course," replied the beautiful girl, with reproach in her glistening eyes. "Do you not think I would know your step?"

"Certainly," said the happy young man, as he directed the conversation away from the subject and avoided remarking that he had passed the door in a cab.—Chicago Herald.

Ever Gallant.

"What do you suppose Oldskule said to the Gibson's new girl baby the first time he saw her?"

"Give it up. What?"

"He congratulated her on her fresh and youthful appearance."—Indianapolis Journal.

WORK OF THE WIZARDS

CURIOUS THINGS IN THE ELECTRICITY BUILDINGS.

Baby Chickens and an Incandescent Mamma—Shirt-Front Searchlights—Humors of Science.

"Cheep, cheep, cheep" came to us plaintively as we reached the top of the south gallery stairway of the Electricity building.

"Landsakes!" cried an old lady, fluttering at a familiar sound, the want of which had made her homesick ever since she left the farm near Winamac, Ind. "If them ain't chickens cheepin' as natural as life!"

"That's right, mother. Git your pan o' cornmeal now before you remember that you're at the World's Fair,"

MOTHERHOOD.

laughed her old husband. "Got took in this time by a poultry show. I reckon the electric exhibit was too small fur the buildin' and they just turned the gallery into a chicken show. Well, I'll be darned! What next?"

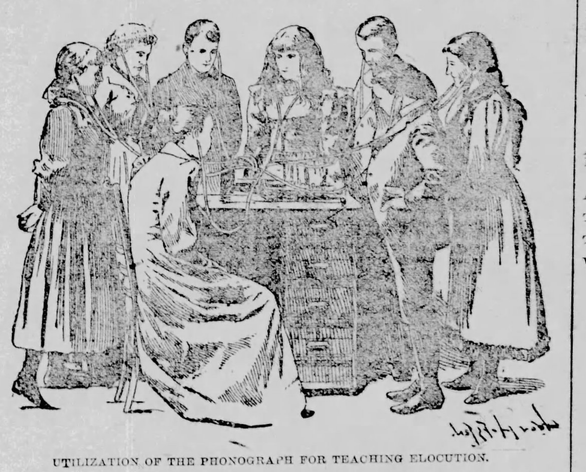
There were 200 downy little balls of chicks running about in a big shallow box, climbing and tumbling over each other in their eagerness to reach an incandescent lamp! The fortunate ones cuddled up to the glowing bulb that lay in the white sand and closing their eyes uttered a contented little "seep, seep," and took a nap. The others awaited their turn with loud complaints or ruthlessly trampled the sleepers and folded their little yellow feet under them on the very top of the bulb.

There they come all day and night long—happy, fat little foundlings, the pampered pets of science, always sure of the warm wing of their artificial mother, and utterly indifferent to their orphan state. Indeed, the hen had nothing to do with them except to lay the eggs, and who will venture to say that the wizard of Menlo Park may not yet take a protoplasm, turn a current on and make eggs? But given the eggs the incubator turns out a new brood of two hundred chicks every three weeks to the delight of thousands of visitors at the World's Fair.

But it would be safe to assert that no one would suggest that the Electricity building is too big for the exhibit after having seen the crowding of ponderous machinery on the main floor and the countless curios in the gallery.

The surprises below are chiefly those of new effects obtained by striking arrangements of lights and colors, made possible by the minute subdivisions of the incandescent and the dazzling presto! change going on every instant, as if Aladdin had suddenly got all the old lamps of magic in the world in exchange for his trumpery new ones.

If you have seen one incandescent light you can imagine a massive column of them in red, white and blue spirals—a broad band of light blazing at the base, mounting, mounting, shooting off zigzag flashes and



UTILIZATION OF THE PHONOGRAPH FOR TEACHING ELOCUTION.

setting multi-colored globes to whirling at the extremities. You can imagine glittering arches, fiery portraits, angels in bronze with flaming arclights. And you can guess the immense power of the dynamos, resistance coils, galvanometers, motors, welded steel bars and gramme machines.

It is the great workshop of witchcraft. Fifty arclights do not light up the dark secret for us outside the list of magicians. But in the gallery surely it is the laughing Puck who has taken the tools of the wise men and played such pranks with them as the world has never witnessed. Who else could have conceived the whimsical idea of using the same power that welded steel on brass to playing the maternal to a brood of chickens?

Oh, but this Puck is ingenious in his applications of the principle of light and heat and magnetism. With a little pocket battery, an invisible wire and a bit of glass in a scarf-pin he maketh the bar tender to shine among men. He conceals a little bulb in a diatiron, and the laundry maid perspires not at her task; he takes a silver dollar and spreads it very thin over base metal, and the humblest of us may rejoice in old family electroplate.

Just over the chickens the bronze bust of Edison sits ruminating with a humorous gravity of expression. Below him is always an interested crowd gathered about his own phonographs. They listen to everything from "Daddy Won't Buy Me a Bow-Wow" to a crash from "Die Gotterdammerung," or a silver-tongued extract from Voorhees's repeal speech. They look at the lady typewriter—the pretty one—who sits with rubber tubes in her ears and occasionally begs the machine to "please repeat." It doesn't get red in the face and say bad words, and it doesn't whisper soft nothings and cause domestic disturbances. The phonograph to the rescue! The pretty typewriter remains and nobody's heartstrings are lacerated.

The electric medical appliances invariably have a humorous aspect, especially if you watch the crowd try every one. Trials for the cure of every ill that flesh is heir to, from a mustache on a feminine lip to the influenza, are offered freely by very young men who display the same sort of oratory that used to be delivered from the tailend of a spring wagon of the patent medicine man.

"Come right up here, anybody that's got the toothache, headache or nooralgy, and be cured while you wait. No charge for a trial."

This generally results in some grinning spectator seating himself in the operating chair and submitting to the tender mercies of a machine. The operator locates the misery and a current is turned on. Usually this is the prickly, pleasant sensation of the galvanic battery, but often the patient leaps out of the seat with a howl. The crowd howls, too, for the grim American idea of humor is to see an innocent man slip up on a banana peel and make a profane remark about it.

"How do you feel?" inquired the gifted operator. "Ain't got any toothache, have you?"

He feels as if he had been struck by chain lightning and says so. But undoubtedly the ache is gone. And he generally winds up by buying a pocket battery for future use.

Belts and trusses, bandages, pads are well enough in their way except that they are sardonic occasionally. But surely a little sly malice lurked in Mr. Puck when he incited somebody to invent a technicone, that is advertised to prevent or cure paralysis of the extensor muscles and improve the technique of piano-players.

Now I, for one, didn't know that piano players ever had paralysis of the extension muscles. There are several of my acquaintance whom, should they ever become so afflicted, would not excite my sympathy to the extent of taking up a collection to buy them a technicone, nor even induce me to tell them that such a machine had been invented. If it would improve their technique that is another matter.

The machine looks like a toy piano with metal plates on the keys. And there are no hammers or strings! It might be a good idea, after all, to give a dark hint about the danger of paralysis of the extensor muscles. It might result in a quiet neighborhood.

A hundred times a day, if you linger in a nook near a ponderous door set up in a partition across an aisle of the gallery, you will see a man brace himself for a mighty effort. The door is one of the massive, swinging variety to be found at the vestibules of offices and that give the stoutest man a pain to open. Then before all of him is inside it slams back with a John L. biff in the region of the belt that makes him feel as frail as papa's baby boy again.

The women go around this door, but the man marches up to it valiantly over a modest strip of rubber matting. Just as he metaphorically begins to roll up his sleeves this door swings lightly open and stands as impassive and polite as an English butler. Then it swings silently shut behind him. In nine cases out of ten the man turns around and passes through the door again just to see how it works, the wires under the rubber mat each time responding to the pressure of his feet. He doesn't say anything usually, but he feels as idiotic as a man who in a nightmare encounter with assassins wakes up to find himself getting worsted by a feather pillow.

If Puck is the presiding genius of this exhibit his fat sides must shake with laughter. Nobody but he knows what makes those watchmen's clocks go wrong. There are a dozen of them in a row. Like the father of our country, they cannot tell a lie, because they are regulated by electricity. Yet I have seen them prevaricate anywhere from half a minute up, and no two tell quite the same story about so simple a thing as the time of day. The legend above, "This is the place to set your watch," was probably "wrote sarcastical" by the little god of mirth himself.

The cash register has developed into something almost human, or rather super-human, it shows such intelligence and grasp of deails. It now takes your money, makes change, records the amount of your purchase and then drops a neat type-written check for the cashier.

But most curious of all, most weird, is the new telautograph, that mysterious writing telegraph machine. That old joke about the rural old lady who denied the statement made by a telegraphic dispatch because she knew the handwriting of the person whose name was signed, will soon be out of date because the telautograph is a telegraph-autograph machine. In the little booth where half a dozen of these machines—sending and receiving—are set up, it is almost like witchcraft to see the pencil of the receiver move automatically and reproduce the message written on an ordinary pad of paper by the operator. Not in those dots and lines that are so mysterious, but in the fac-simile and without ticking.

After the telautograph there is really only one more thing in the building to astonish, and that is the Japanese seismograph. And, for a wonder, it is on the main floor. You see it as you descend the north stairway, so that it belongs to the gallery curios after all. Above the booth, which is framed in with large chaotic-looking landscapes, is an inscription to tell that here are the instruments of the earthquake laboratory.

The seismograph is just a glass disk with a point moved over it by the simplest appliance. It's rather insignificant looking. One can imagine that when the earthquake of '91, following the eruption of Bandaisan, got through with its work of rather elaborate destruction on a pretty large scale it must have stopped amazed at the impudence of such an insignificant instrument in daring to make an accurate record of its behavior.

Eyesight Saved

After Scarlet Fever, Diphtheria, Pneumonia and similar diseases, Hood's Sarsaparilla is unequalled to thoroughly purify the blood and give needed strength. Read this:

Clifford Blackman.

"My boy had Scarlet Fever when 4 years old, leaving him weak and blood poisoned with canker. His eyes became inflamed, his sufferings were intense, and 7 weeks he could not open his eyes. I took him to the Eye and Ear Infirmary on Charles street, but their remedies failed to do any good. I began giving him

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which soon cured him. It saved his sight. If not his very life." ABBIE F. BLACKMAN, 2888 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best family cathartic, gentle and effective. Try a box. 25 cents.

KEEPING IT HOLY.

Maine Deacon Who Respected Sabbath and Also a Good Bargain.

The Lewiston Journal says that a Portland man went up in the country to buy a horse recently. It was on Sunday, by the way, the only day that the busy citizen could spare from his occupation. He had no definite idea just where he was going, but he had his eye out for anything on four legs that looked promising. Finally, as he drove along a pretty country highway, he espied three horses in a small stable yard. He drove up, hitched his steed and leaned upon the fence, looking the stock over. One one mare attracted his attention especially, and he was admiring her when the house door opened and an old man of very trim countenance came out. There were the usual preliminaries about the weather, and then the farmer asked:

"Looking for anything particular?"

"Well, I want to buy a horse, and I must confess I like the looks of that mare there very much. What is your price?"

"Tut, tut. I never do business on the Lord's day. Why, sir, I'm a deacon in the church, and whatever else I may do, I will not profane the Lord's day by buying and selling. Why, sir, seems as though all you city folks wanted to come out here and dicker on Sunday."

The Portland man commenced to feel ashamed before the grave gray eyes of this old man. The farmer continued:

"Isn't there one day that you can rest from your everlasting trading? Now, last Sunday a man came along here, said he was from Portland, and he offered $200 for that mare. Dear me, ridiculous! Why, she's worth—I mean scandalous—to talk trade on the Sabbath. Two hundred dollars never can buy her. Why, she can show a two—tut, tut, I mean I shall show anyone the door who comes 'round here talking trade Sundays. No offense to you, mister. I see you take quite an interest in the mare. You won't find a better one 'round here, I'll tell you that. We had a little brush on the road day before yesterday, and I cleaned 'em out—and I consider that the least that a man can do is to keep from trading horses on Sunday. If a man should offer me $250 to-day (Sunday) I wouldn't look at him; no, sir, I wouldn't——"

The Portland man gravely took out his pocketbook, and opening it laid it on the fence. Then he moistened his thumb and forefinger, and, not paying the least attention to the farmer he counted out $225, doubled it up and advanced toward the deacon. The latter danced backward, flapping his hands depreciatingly like a great shanghai and expostulating earnestly. The visitor paused and impressively added a $10 bill to the wad while the gleaming eyes regarded him intently. He walked plump up to the deacon, grabbed his hand, and attempted to cram the money into the broad palm. The deacon wouldn't allow it—no, not he. He backed away toward the yard unfastened the gate, and disappeared in the stable. In a minute he came out, a halter in his hand. Said he with a queer gruffness:

"I've a good mind to order you off the premises. I see you're determined to steal the mare. You're bigger'n I am and I don't know as I can help myself, but if you're bound to do it I s'pose you'll steal this halter, too."

The old man had whirled around his back to the visitor. He held his great hand behind his back, palm upward, and the fingers were wriggling like a lobster's claws. The Portland man tiptoed up, jammed the money into the itching fist, caught the mare, and towed her away behind his carriage. All this time he was getting a good deacon's opinion of a graceless scamp who would steal a horse from a defenseless man on Sunday.

FUNNY POETS.

Half-Seas Over.

He had "three sheets in the wind,"
For he was on a big "bender,"
And a fancy filled his mind,
Which in words he tried to render.
"Just now," said he,
"I yacht to be
Upon the sea,
A-bowling 'long right merrily,
For I am a 'cup-defender.'"

—New York Journal.

Life's Problem.

A child, he played as other children do,
Mourned not the old, nor reckoned of the new.

A man, he strove with dogma and with creed
To solve the problem of the spirit's need.

Then old age came, and made him as a child,
With earth and God and all things reconciled.

—The Independent.

Piqued.

A girl in a moment of pique,
Gave her lover a slap on the cheek,
Not a word did he say,
But left her that day,
And didn't return for a week.

—Drake's Magazine.

Doubly Distressful.

His borrowing has caused a loss
To him as well as me,
For I have lost the money loaned
And he his memory.

—Exchange.

Wonderful Cures of Catarrh and Consumption by a New Discovery.

Wonderful cures of Lung Diseases, Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption, are made by the new treatment known in Europe as the Andral-Broca Discovery. If you are a sufferer you should write to the New Medical Advance, 67 East 6th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you this new treatment free for trial. State age and all particulars of your disease.

A LITTLE FRENCH LESSON.

Huitres—Oysters.
Huitres en coquille—Oysters in shells.
Huitres frites—Oysters fried.
Beignets d'huitres—Oyster fritters.
Petite vol au vent d'huitres—Oyster patties.
Bouchees d'huitres—Oyster patties.
Sauces—Sauces.
Sauce a la Bechamel—White sauce (made with stock).
Sauce aux cornichons—Pickle sauce.
Sauce aux oeufs—Egg sauce.
Sauce aux capres—Caper sauce.
Sauce aux anchois—Anchovy sauce.
Sauce aux crevettes—Shrimp sauce.
Sauce homard—Lobster sauce.
Sauce aux huitres—Oyster sauce.
Sauce au persil—Parsley sauce.
Sauce au vin Madere—Madeira wine sauce.
Sauce aux groseilles—Currant jelly sauce.
Sauce Tomate—Tomato sauce.
Sauce aux champignons—Mushroom sauce.—Table Talk.

His Lawful Business.

Police Judge—"What's your occupation?"

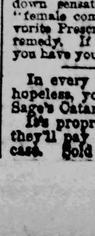
Prisoner—"I'se a game-protector, sah."

Judge—"Eh? What brought you into a gambling-house?"

Prisoner—"Maa business, sah. I watches at de peep-hole."—Truth.

Two Mysteries.

No man loves a woman when he is busy, and no woman understands why a man doesn't enjoy stopping while driving a nail to kiss her.—Atchison Globe.



"LOOK UP, and not down," if you're a suffering woman. Every one of the bodily troubles that come to woman only has a *guaranteed* cure in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. That will bring you safe and certain help.

It's a powerful general, as well as uterine, tonic and nervine, and it builds up and invigorates the entire female system. It regulates and promotes all the proper functions, improves digestion, enriches the blood, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and strength.

For ulcerations, displacements, bearing-down sensations, periodical pains, and all "female complaints" and weaknesses, "Favorite Prescription" is the *only guaranteed* remedy. If it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

In every case of Catarrh that seems hopeless, you can depend upon Doctor Sage's Catarrh Remedy for a cure.

The proprietors are so sure of it that they'll pay $500 cash for any incurable case. Sold by all druggists.

Not to be Won.

Minnie—There was the loveliest Russian count at the seashore and I did my best to get an introduction to him, but couldn't.

Mamie—Why not?

Minnie—There wasn't any one there who could pronounce his name.—Indianapolis Journal.

He Hadn't Forgotten Anything.

Waiter—Haven't you forgotten something sir?

Customer (anxiously)—Why, did I give you a quarter?

Waiter—No.

Customer (relieved)—That's all right, then. I haven't forgotten anything.—Truth.

POWDERLY AND HAYES

RELATIONS BETWEEN THEM AT PRESENT ARE STRAINED.

Many Facts Likely to be Brought Out at the General Assembly's Session in November.

The news that General Master Workman Powderly and eneral Secretary-Treasurer John W. Hayes, of the Knights of Labor, have had a falling out, and are now at swords' points, and that Powderly, backed up by the general executive board of the order, is trying to oust Hayes, has been received with great surprise by Knights all over the United States and Canada. They remember the fact that for years and years Powderly and Hayes were almost inseparable and that one never took a move in any direction without first consulting the other.

For years Powderly stuck to Hayes through thick and thin, even when the general sentiment of the order was in favor of letting the treasurer go, says the New York Recorder. At the stormy session of the general

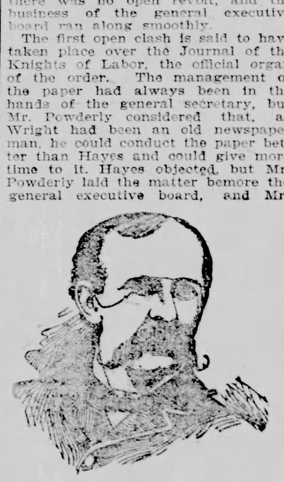
JOHN W. HAYES.

assembly in the fall of 1886 the opposition to Hayes was strong, but Powderly went to the front, and his friend was again put on the general executive board and made its secretary. At Minneapolis, the next year, in spite of all opposition, Powderly again pulled Hayes through, and in 1888, at Indianapolis, when the office of general treasurer was consolidated with that of general secretary, Hayes secured the prize, although Powderly had a hard fight for him, and made a great many enemies for himself by taking his part.

At the meeting of the general assembly in Atlanta Alexander W. Wright, of Toronto, was elected a member of the general executive board, and a great friendship sprang up between him and Mr. Powderly. Wright is a hustler. He had been a reporter and editor on several Canadian newspapers, was a good talker, had been lecturer for the order, and was an all-round good fellow. He and Mr. Powderly got along well together, and he was given almost complete charge of all big strikes, including that of the New York Central railroad.

About a year ago it began to be noticed that there was a sort of coldness growing between Powderly and Hayes. When members of the order were told of it, they laughed and said it was impossible, as nothing could come between the two men; but it was a fact, nevertheless, and as the coldness between Hayes and Powderly grew the warmth between Powderly and Wright seemed to increase. Still, as the last general assembly had elected Hayes to his old position, there was no open revolt, and the business of the general executive board ran along smoothly.

The first open clash is said to have taken place over the Journal of the Knights of Labor, the official organ of the order. The management of the paper had always been in the hands of the general secretary, but Mr. Powderly considered that, as Wright had been an old newspaper man, he could conduct the paper better than Hayes and could give more time to it. Hayes objected, but Mr. Powderly laid the matter bemore the general executive board, and Mr.



T. V. POWDERLY.

Wright was made editor, with Tom O'Reilly as assistant.

This action caused an open rupture between Powderly and Hayes, but the general executive board backed Powderly, and the star of Wright continued to rise. There were several other disputs between the two men, but Powderly always came out on top, and Hayes had to take a back seat, while Wright was consulted about everything.

Matters ran along this way for a few months, and then, it is said, the general executive board, which consists of Powderly, Hayes, Wright, T. B. McGuire, John Denkin, John Davis and Hugh Cavanaugh, decided to get rid of Hayes altogether, and Wright was elected to his place. Although a member of the board, Hayes could do nothing but protest. He was removed, but he refused to recognize the action of his colleagues. He said that he had been elected secretary-treasurer by the general assembly, and that the general assembly was the only body that had the power to remove him. He still considered himself the editor of the Journal, and he would not recognize Wright as editor or secretary.

On the other hand, Powderly and the other members of the board claimed that they had the power to remove him and make changes. They said the general executive board had full power to act for the order when the general assembly was not in session, and that, pending the annual meeting of that body, they would act as they saw fit for he best interests of the order.

This, of course, created the liveliest sort of a row within the palatial headquarters of the order in Philadelphia, although care was taken not to let the facts be known to the outside world. Hayes was tied hand and foot, and could do nothing except to visit his office every day and try to attend to its affairs.

The trouble between Powderly and Hayes will create the liveliest sort of a fuss at the next meeting of the general assembly, which will convene early in November. The place of meeting has not yet been decided upon, but it is probable that it will be New York. The row will probably bring forth many facts that members of the order have sought for years to obtain, as Hayes is known as a fighter when his blood is up.

Hayes has been a member of the general executive board for many years. He is a native of New Jersey and was formerly a telegraph operator. He lost his right arm in an accident, and had to give up telegraph work. He has always taken a great interest in labor matters. He is said to be fairly well off.

Wright was a native of Canada, and was always prominent in industrial affairs in the dominion. He joined the Knights of Labor in 1883, and after that held important official positions in the order.

He Didn't Know.

"Don't you know, sir, that it is impolite to swear before a lady?" The Irishman looked dazed for a moment and then replied: "Sure, mum, I beg your pardon. But I didn't know ye wanted to shwear first."—Havre de Grace (Md.) Republican.

IN A PARLOR CAR.

Experience of a Well Known Humorist in One of Them.

Every one has observed the easy facility with which some people can accomplish the apparently delicate ceremony of the introduction of two strangers to each other by a third stranger, writes Robert J. Burdette in the Ladies' Home Journal. This social phenomena is oftenest seen in public places and on public conveyances. I was recently making a journey across a small portion of this planet, sitting alone by the car window and hoping that nobody had taken the upper flat in my compartment, when a man whose freshness chilled me threw his feet airily upon the seat beside me, saying in a loud tone and with extravagant hospitality: "Make yourself at home!"

He explained to me, as I received his advances with somewhat "cold respect," that a young lady of 42 summers was occupying the lower floor of his section, and had appropriated his seat for her baggage room, while at the same time she had transformed the entire premises into a cold storage apartment. The man said that he had sat amidst her luggage until the cold chills began to run up and down his back, and he had no doubt he was even now on the direct road to an attack of pneumonia. He then went on to inform me, in that easy, confidential, autobiographical turn that he lived in Kolusa, Tipton county, when he was at home; he had been married twice, and had five children—all born to him by his first wife. "Three boys," he said, and remained for a moment or two in silence, when he suddenly looked up and added, "and two girls." You cannot imagine what a load was lifted off my mind when I learned what those remaining children were. You see he hadn't told me, and I felt a little delicate about asking.

The man noted the look of interest on my face and went on with his narative. His first wife was a woman of very despondent temperament; as good a woman, he said, as ever lived, but was always afraid something was going to happen; always worried about the children or something. She was a good mother to the children, too; but then she was never well—always sick with some kind of complaint. This, the man said, made it almighty hard for him.

He sighed so deeply at the remembrance of the hard lines through which he had passed that I sympathized with him, and asked him if this continuous illness seemed to affect his wife any?

Oh, no, he said; not so much as it did him; she appeared to get sort of used to it.

A FOX-SQUIRREL JOCKEY.

He Rode On a Dog's Head for a Quarter of a Mile.

Billy McFarland, a resident of Pilot Knob, Mo., has a dog which he claims has been a great "squirrel dog." Now Billy says that on last Saturday while the dog was with the hunter after

THE SQUIRREL-JOCKEY'S RIDE.

squirrels, suddenly a large fox squirrel jumped from a tree upon the dog's neck and fastened its teeth in its (the dog's) head.

The dog's business "lay rolling," as the phrase is, and he cut out for home; but the unwelcome rider had come to stay, and for a quarter of a mile he put the rowels deep into his flying steed, as it were, and would doubtless have ridden him to victory or death had not another dog overhauled the flying couple and unceremoniously ended the gallant jockey's career.

WROTE GOOD OLD TUNES.

"Old Hundred," "God Save the King" and "Yankee Doodle."

"Old Hundred" has been variously ascribed to Dr. Martin Luther, Dr. John Dowland and William Franck, says the Boston Transcript. Dr. Lowell Mason wrote quite a treatise on the old tune in 1853, saying emphatically that it was written by Guillaume (William) Franck (1540). But later musical historians and antiquarians who have investigated more closely say it was composed by Louis Bourgeois (born about 1500 and died about 1572—some say in the massacre of St. Bartholomew), of France, 1551-52.

The old tune, "God Save the King," or "America," so universally sung to "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," was undoubtedly composed by Dr. John Bull (1562-1628), music teacher to Queen Elizabeth about 1600.

The tune of "Yankee Doodle" has had seven or eight treatises written upon it in the last 30 years, ascribing it to various dates and origins, even back to the Netherlands and the days of Cromwell and the Charleses. Dr. George Grove, of London, England, author of the "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," has investigated thoroughly the various musical libraries and the British Museum in England, finding no trace of it whatever, thus exploding all the mystical, traditional and apochryphal accounts thereof. But "Yankee Doodle" has an origin and has a history. It was written by Dr. Shuchburgh (whose commission dates 1737), in the French and Indian war of 1775, under Gen. Jeffrey Amherst, and was intended as a "take off" on the "rag, tag and bobtail" recruits of the colonies that came into the army. It "took" so well, however, that the Americans have ever adopted it, and would not part with it for anything. The first words,

"Father and I went down to camp,"

were in the Boston Journal, 1768, and the first record of the tune is in Arnold's "Two to One," 1784, so that "Yankee Doodle," although written by a British surgeon, is really American.

The tune "Star Spangled Banner," is an adaptation of "Anacreon in Heaven," composed by Dr. Samuel Arnold (1739-1802), of England, 1770.

"Hail Columbia," or the "President's March," was by Prof. Phylas, of Philadelphia, 1789.

The Portuguese Hymn, or "Adeste Fideles," by English musicians is ascribed to John Reading. There were three of the name. The first died in 1692, the second one about 1720, and the third (1677-1764) is the reputed author of "Adestes Fideles." But Herbert P. Main, of New York, a pretty thorough musical antiquarian, says the tune cannot be found as in existence previous to 1790. He says the grand old tune was composed and written by Marcantonio Simoe (1762-1830), an Italian, who composed and wrote much for the stage 80 to 90 years ago, in 1792-93. He wrote under the assumed name of "Portogallo."

Easily Solved.

"I can't see why bread should remain at the same price when wheat and flour have come down so."

"My dear boy, the main things in bread are water and air. Neither one are a cent cheaper than it was at the close of the war."—Indianapolis Journal.

Poor Man.

Here I've been hard at work for sixteen hours out of the 24 during the last fortnight on my new treatise, in which I am trying to demonstrate the necessity of an eight-hours' labor day!—Lustige Blatter.

In Chicago Style.

Mr. Bethot (of Fire Island)—I have come to confess my love and to ask you to be the partner of my joys and sorrows.

Miss Lakemich—All right; but—er—we don't know each other very well; suppose we make it a "limited?"—Judge.

DEAF NESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED by Peck's Patent Cushion Ear Drums. Invisible, Comfortable, Successful when all remedies fail. Book of proofs FREE by F. Hiscox, 853 B'way, N.Y. Write for book of proofs FREE

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Bloody Milk in Cow.

W. B. D., Tennessee: Give the cow 3-4 lb. epsom salts and 1-4 oz. ginger, stirred in a quart of warm water. After this operates give 1 oz. pulverized saltpetre in drinking water once a day for a week. Bathe the udder with warm water for half an hour each day, and after wiping dry with a soft cloth, rub well into the udder with gentle hand friction the following: Simmer 3 oz. of poke root (phytalacca), bruised, with a pound of lard, and strain for an ointment. Mix a handful of the dried leaves with the food once a day for four days. If the above cannot be had, rub udder with powdered camphor, 1-2 oz.; extract belladonna, 1 oz.; lard, 2 ozs. Milk three times a day.

Rheumatism in Hog.

A. M. B., North Carolina: Your pig seems to have an attack of rheumatism, for which there is no certain remedy. Give 3-4 oz. Epsom salts in soft feed, and after four days' time repeat the dose. If the hog is very fat this tends to weakness of the limbs, so that for at least a week reduce the feed you give him, but let that which you do give him be of the best. Be careful to give no moldy food, or that which has ergot in it. Rub a tablespoonful of turpentine well in along the small of the back. If the parts where the hair has come out are scabby, the hog has mange, to kill which wash the bare spots with strong soapsuds water and afterward apply mercurial ointment, 1-2 oz.; sulphur, 1 oz.; lard, 3 ozs. Rub in once a day. Clean the pen so that none of the old straw or bedding is left. Keep the hog away from draughts of air. Examine the hog for lice, and if found apply soft soap to the animal; let remain for an hour, then dry the hog well and rub him with kerosene oil.

Corns in Horses' Feet.

J. W. T., Idaho: There are three kinds of corns—the dry, the moist and the suppurative. Corns are found on the sensitive sole, in the triangular space between the bars and the wall, at the heel, in the forefoot only, and nearly always in the inside heel. If the corn is found dry and hard, poultice the foot for two days with linseed meal; then have the discolored horn pared out, being careful not to cut out portions of the bars or the frog. If the corn be moist, poultice the foot and have the corn cut out; poultice afterward for a day, then touch the parts from which the corn was removed with butter of antimony or permanganate of potash. In suppurative corns poultice, cut away all loose horn and inject the part with a weak solution of bichloride of mercury.

Discharge From Ear—Runs at Nose.

H. R., Arkansas:—Roast an onion, take off the outer covering and when yet warm place it in the ear. It may be held in place by putting a covering of cloth over the ear, with strings attached, making them fast under the jaws. Or inject warm soapsuds until the pus is washed out; then inject laudanum, 1 part; sweet oil, 10 parts. In case of abcess caused by contusion, a veterinarian should be called, as an incision may be necessary. For the discharge from the nose, put a gallon of bran into a bag; set the bag in a bucket; pour hot water on the bran and place the open end of the bag over the animal's nose. Let the mare inhale the steam freely. Bury the bran in the ground after using. Give as a medicine, sulphate of copper, nitre and powdered gentian, of each 14 drachms. Divide into 14 powders and make into balls with linseed meal. Give a ball every night and morning. If there is a veterinarian near, call him, as it may be something more serious than chronic catarrh of nasal gleet.

Walks on Toe With Hind Feet.

S. C. P., Illinois:—Lameness in the hind feet of a horse is rare. When it does occur it is the result of sole bruise, thrush or sand crack, and putting the toe down first indicates lameness of some kind in the foot. When the toe of the shoe is worn more than that of its fellow, look trouble may which he does with a limpalt 5540382 be the cause. Animals lame on shoeing itself when the horse is made to "stand over" in the stall, which he does with a limp. So you will see that the editor could not possibly reach the seat of the disease without examining the horse. You would do well to call a veterinarian. If there is none near you, have your smith take the shoes off and carefully examine the foot. A little paring might develop something. Also let him go carefully over the hock; also feel along the ligaments from the hock downward for heat or soreness. Feel around the stifle joint for tenderness. If you can locate the cause of lameness, the editor will tell you how to treat the animal.

Spraying With Paris Green.

Editor Blade Farmstead:—I tried the Paris green on my plum trees, and got a good crop, the first I ever picked from the trees. I have three trees, and they have been trying to bear for four years, and the plums have always been stung and fell off. I bought two ounces of Paris green and made three sprayings out of it. I used a washtub full of water each time and it proved a grand success. That recipe is good, and the plums I got this year would pay for The Blade for five years.—Ed Perry, Indiana.

Value of Irrigation.

The past dry season has

Talmage's Sermon.

LESSONS DRAWN FROM BURIED POMPEII.

While the Highest Forms of Civilization Are Important the Gospel of Christ is Imperative.

In his sermon at the Brooklyn Tabernacle, this morning, Rev. Dr. Talmage presented the arousing theme of the living cities of to-day drawn from the tomb of a dead city of the past. The opening hymn led by cornet and organ was joined by the voices of the multitude:

Arm of the Lord, awake, awake,
Put on thy strength, the nations shake.

The subject was: "Pompeii and its Lessons." The text, Isaiah xxv. 2: "Thou hast made of a defenced city a ruin."

A flash on the night sky greeted us as we left the rail train at Naples, Italy. What was the strange illumination? It was that wrath of many centuries—Vesuvius. Giant son of an earthquake. Intoxicated mountain of Italy. Father of many consternations. A volcano burning so long, and yet to keep on burning until, perhaps, it may be the very torch that will kindle the last conflagration and set all the world on fire. It eclipses in violence of behavior Cotopaxi and Aetna and Stromboli and Krakatoa. Awful mystery. Funeral pyre of dead cities. Everlasting paroxysm of mountaips. It seems like a chimney of hell. It roars with fiery reminiscence of what it has done, and with threats of worse things that it may yet do. I would not live in one of the villages at its base for a present of all Italy. On a day in December, 1631, it threw up ashes that floated away hundreds of miles, and dropped in Constantinople and in the Adriatic sea and on the Apennines, as well as trampling out at its own foot the lives of 15,000 people. Geologists have tried to fathom its mysteries, but the heat consumed the iron instruments and drove back the scorched and blistered explorers from the cindery and crumbling brink.

It seems like the asylum of maniac elements. At one time far back its top had been a fortress, where Spartans fought and was surrounded as it would have been destroyed had it not been for the grape vines which clothed the mountain side from top to base, and laying hold of them he climbed hand under hand to safety in the valley. But for centuries it has kept its furnace burning as we saw it that night on our arrival in November of 1889.

Of course the next day we started to see some of the work wrought by that frenzied mouth. "All out for Pompeii!" was the cry of the conductor. And now we stand by the corpse of that dead city. As we entered the gate and passed between the walls, I took off my hat, as one naturally does in the presence of some imposing obsequies. That city had been at one time a capital of beauty and pomp, the home of grand architecture, exquisite paintings, enchanting sculpture, unrestrained carousal, and rapt assemblage. A high wall, 20 feet thick, three-fourths of it still visible, encircled the city. On those walls at a distance of only 100 yards from each other, towers rose for armed men who watched the city. The streets ran at right angles and from wall to wall, only one street excepted. In view of the city's prosperity, its towers glittered in the sun; eight strong gates for ingress and egress; Gate of the Sea Shore, Gate of Herculaneum, Gate of Vesuvius being perhaps the most important. Yonder stood the temple of Jupiter, hoisted at an imposing elevation, and with its six Corinthian columns of immense girth, which stood there, like icebergs, shimmering in the light. There stands the Temple of the Twelve Gods. Yonder see the Temple of Hercules, and the Temple of Mercury, with altars of marble and bas-relief, wonderful enough to astound all succeeding ages of art, and the Temple of Aesculapius, brilliant with sculpture and gorgeous with painting. Yonder are the theaters, partly cut down into surrounding hills and glorified with pictured walls and entered under arches of imposing masonry, and with rooms for captivated and applaudatory audiences, seated or standing, in vast semi-circle. Yonder are the costly and immense public baths of the city, with more than the modern ingenuities of Carisbad.

And can it be that all up and down these solemn solitudes, hearts, more than eighteen hundred years ago, ached and rejoiced, and feet shuffled with the gait of old age or danced with childish glee, and shoeless workmen carried their burdens, and drunkards staggered? On that mosaic floor did glowing youth clasp hands in marriage vow, and across that threshold did pall-bearers carry the beloved dead, and gay groups once mount those now skeletons of staircases? While I walked and contemplated, the city seemed suddenly to be thronged with all the population that had ever inhabited it, and I heard the laughter and groan and blasphemy and uncleanness and infernal boast, as it was on the 23d of August, 79. And Vesuvius, from the mild light with which it flushed the sky that summer evening as I stood in disentombed Pompeii, seemed suddenly to heave and flame and rock with the lava and darkness and desolation and woe, with which, more than eighteen centuries ago, it submerged Pompeii, as, with the liturgy of fire and storm, the mountain proclaimed at the burial: "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

Now, as in our walk to-day through uncovered Pompeii, what sin will do for a city. We ought to be slow to assign the judgments of God. Cities are sometimes afflicted just as good people are afflicted, and the earthquake and the cholera and the epidemic are no sign in many cases that God is angry with a city, but the distress is sent for some good and kind purpose, whether we understand it or not. The law that applies to individuals may apply to Christian cities as well: "All things work together for good to those that love God." But the greatest calamity God ever came upon Pompeii can improve its future condition, for it was completely obliterated and will never be rebuilt. It was so bad that it needed to be buried seventeen hundred years before even its ruins were fit to be uncovered. So Sodom and Gomorrah were filled with such turpitude that they were not only turned under, but have for thousands of years been kept under. The great city cemeteries are the cemetery in which the sunken ships are buried all the way between Fire Island and Fastnet lighthouse, and the other cemetery is the cemetery of dead cities. I get down on my knees and read the epitaphiology of a long line of them: Here lies Babylon, once called "the hammer of the whole earth." Dead and buried under piles of bitumen and broken pottery and vitrified brick. And I hear a wolf howl and a reptile hiss as I am reading this epitaph: Isaiah xiii. 21, "The wild beast of the desert shall be there, and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures."

But the cemetery of dead cities is not yet filled, and if the present cities of the world forget God, and with their indecencies shock the heavens, let them know that God, who, on the 24th day of August, 79, dropped on a city of Italy a superincumbrance that staid there seventeen centuries, is still alive and hates sin just as much as he did then, and has at his command all the armament of destruction with which he overwhelmed their iniquitous predecessors. It was only a few summers ago that Brooklyn and New York felt an earthquake throb that sent the people affrighted into the streets, and that suggested that there are forces of nature now suppressed, or held in check, which, easier than a child in a nursery knocks down a row of blockhouses, could prostrate a city, or engulf a continent deeper than Pompeii was engulfed. Our hope is in the mercy of the Lord continued to our American cities. It amazes me that this city, which has the quietest Sabbaths on the continent and the best order, and the highest tone of morals of any city that I know of, is now having brought into as near neighborhood as Coney Island carnivals of pugilism as debasing as any of the gladiatorial contests of Pompeii. What a precious crew that "Coney Island Athletic Club" is, under whose auspices the orgies are enacted! What a degradation to the adjective "athletic," which ordinarily suggests health and muscle developed for useful purpose! Instead of calling it an athletic club they might better style it "The Ruffian Club for Smashing the Human Visage." Vile men are turning that Coney Island, which is one of the finest watering places on all the Atlantic coast, into a place for the obscouring of the earth to congregate, the low horse jockeys and gamblers and the pugilists and the pickpockets and the bloats regurgitated from the depths of the worst wards of these cities. They invite delegates from universal loaferdom to come to their carnival of knuckles. But I do not believe that the pugilism contracted for and advertised for next December will take place in our neighborhood.

Let us ply the gospel machinery to its utmost speed and power. City evangelization is the thought. Accustomed as are the religious pessimists to dwell upon statistics of evil and dolorous facts, we want some one with sanctified heart and good digestion to put in long line the statistics of natures transformed, and prodigacies backed, and souls ransomed, and cities redeemed. Give us pictures of churches, schools, of reformatory associations, of asylums of mercy. Break in upon the Miserere of complaint and despondency with the Te Deums and hallelujahs of moral and religious victory. Show that the day is coming when a great tidal wave of salvation will roll over all our cities. Show how Pompeii buried will become Pompeii resurrected, demonstrate the fact that there are millions of good men and women who will give themselves no rest day nor night until cities that are now of the type of the buried cities of Italy shall take type from the New Jerusalem coming down from God out of heaven. I hail the advancing morn. I make the same proclamation to-day that Gideon made to the shivering cowards of his army: "Whosoever is fearful and afraid, let him return and depart early from Mount Gilead." Close up the ranks. Lift the gospel standard. Forward into this Armageddon that is now opening and let the word run all along the line: Brooklyn for God! All our cities for God! America for God! The word for God! The most of us here gathered, though born in the country, will die in town. Shall our last walk be through streets where sobriety and good order dominate, or grog-shops stench the air? Shall our last look be upon city halls where justice reigns, and not those where the stuffing of ballot-boxes? Shall we sit for the last time in some church where God is worshiped with the contrite heart, or where cold formalism goes through the regimen of genuflections? Save the cities! Righteousness is life, iniquity is death. Remember picturesque, terraced, templed, sculptured, boastful, God-defying, and entombed Pompeii!

Safety From a Periodic Scourge.

Do you want to be insured, dweller in a malarious region, against the periodical scourge which threatens to assail you in the form of chills and fever or some of the forms of miasma-born disease? It goes without saying that you do. Then, instead of using quinine or other alkaloid and mineral drugs, which merely relieve and are always detrimental to the general health, seek aid where it is always forthcoming—from the thorough preventive and remedy, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which, in regions where malaria is far more violent and prevalent than it is on this continent, eradicates it completely from the system. Biliousness, dyspepsia, constipation, kidney and nervous complaints, neuralgia and rheumatism are among the maladies to which the natural tonic and corrective is adapted. Physicians everywhere know its genuine worth.

THE BETWEEN-SEASON HAT.

It Is a Dainty Affair to Be Worn When Sailor Days Are Over.

The between-season-bonnet is here in all its glory. It is worn while one is deciding what kind of a bonnet to purchase for dress occasions during the fall. A charming little model is made of braided green felt. It fits closely to the head, and has a rather

pointed crown. Toward the front there are two erect loops of scarlet velvet, and a cluster of changing autumn leaves. A few of the leaves are scattered over the back of the bonnet and from beneath them green velvet tie strings appear.

Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old, or middle-aged man suffering from nervous debility, weakness, lack of vigor from errors or excesses will write me, I will send him the prescription of a genuine certain cure free of cost. No. Humbug, no deception. Address Thomas Barnes, Marshall, Mich.

A FORBIDDEN SONG.

The Only Tune It Was Not Permissible to Play in the Dance Hall.

I recall an interesting scene in Arbour's old dance hall in Silver Cliff in the winter of 1878-79, writes a Denver correspondent. The Silver Cliff excitement then ranked only second to that of Leadville, and thousands were rushing to the new Eldorado.

The great dance hall was crowded with miners, prospectors and tenderfeet. Two sets of dancers had been on the floor all the evening. Two long rows of gaming tables had also been running at full blast, and at midnight there came a lull in the dancing for lunch. Some of the boys took possession of the platform, and a young fellow dressed in jacket and overalls threw his slouch hat back on his head and struck up some familiar tune on the piano. There were about a dozen in the party who joined in the singing. Suddenly one of the boys started up "Home, Sweet Home." The young man at the piano struck in with an accompaniment, and that old-time song of loved ones and home association began to fill the great hall. "Pop" Arbour was soon seen rushing toward the orchestra platform. He had no objection to gospel hymns, but entered a protest at "Home, Sweet Home."

"Don't, boys; don't sing that song here."

"Why not?" asked one of the boys.

"You will make all of the girls homesick and break up the dance hall. Sing any song you want to, but not 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

ODD THINGS IN NATURE.

Curious Things to Wonder Over by the "Know It All People."

There are processes of nature which seem as inexplicable as the operation of the mind.

Why does sugar always crystallize in a certain way and salt in a certain other way? An infallible test for some minerals is in their form of crystallization, says the Seattle Telegraph.

Why does the mysterious movement of the sap in a plant proceed with such absolute regularity that in the leaf, say of a variegated geranium, a little coloring matter of one shade is dropped at one point and a little of another shade at another point, with never a mistake?

Why does nature, or rather how does nature, tell the wheat that is grown in northern latitudes that it must produce many seeds to each plant, so that some of them may survive the rigor of the winter?

Why do the plants of the tropics expend all their forces in leaf and gorgeous flower, and yield only a few seeds, as if they knew that in the genial climate where they flourish every seed stood a good chance of growing?

Too Presumptious for Anything.

"I never saw such impudence as that Mr. Puffup at the five-cent counter displays."

"Well, what did he do?"

"Really presumed to act as if we were acquaintances, when we were only engaged for a month at the seashore."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

An Open Letter to Women.

Laurel Ave., San Francisco, May 18, 1892.

"Dear friend of women:

"When my baby was born five years ago, I got up in six days. Far too soon. Result: falling of the womb. Ever since I've been miserable.

"I tried everything: doctors, medicines, apparatus; but grew worse.

"I could hardly stand; and walking without support was impossible.

"At last I saw an advertisement of *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound*, and decided to try it. The effect was astonishing. Since I took the first bottle my womb has not troubled me, and, thanks only to you, I am now well. Every suffering woman should know how reliable your compound is. It is a sure cure."—*Mrs. A. Detwiler.*

All druggists sell it. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS. *Liver Pills, 25 cents.*

The Camp Fire.

Contributions are solicited from old soldiers of the civil war for this department. We don't want discussions, but want brief, lively sketches and personal reminiscences of army life; all such are welcome.

A Rough Experience.

Editor Camp Fire:—Being a reader of your interesting paper, and especially interested in the Camp Fire columns, I desire to contribute a pine knot to keep the fire burning. I was one of the boys who belonged to Smith's Guerrillas, commonly called, in the days of the late rebellion. Be it remembered by the old comrades that A. J. Smith commanded the 16th Army Corps, after the defeat of Gen. Sturgis at Guntown, or Brice's Cross Roads, in Southwest Mississippi. On the 10th day of June, 1864, I was in that battle, and had to retreat three days and nights without rest and without grub. The distance was 120 miles to Memphis, Tenn., the only place of safety.

As well as I can recollect, the battle did not last over three hours, but was fierce. Gen. N. B. Forrest, Confederate, had 15,000 men, while the Federals had but 5,000 infantry and 5,000 cavalry. Our ammunition and supply train and batteries fell into the hands of the Confederates, while most of the infantry was captured. The cavalry, under Gen. Grierson, returned to Memphis.

I well remember that Gen. Sturgis told Gen. Grierson that he had better surrender his cavalry, but the brave Grierson did not do so, but fought his way back to Memphis, and he is the man who saved me from that awful hell—Andersonville prison.

On the second day of that struggle I chanced to get with Sergt. John N. Ross, of my company. We were traveling along together and all at once we were surprised by the First Kentucky Cavalry making a charge in order to capture all the boys that they could. Now, it was "legs, take us away." On we went, and came to a farm house on a small knoll, and it so happened that some women and children were in the house at the time. Comrade Ross ran into the house and I ran around. Comrade Ross poked his gun out at the door and a rebel fell from his horse. So six were killed at that house.

After we emerged from the house we came together again. Some 200 yards from the house we fell in with Sergt. Louis Norman. The cry was, "Boys, you had better stop and surrender!" There were several who had sat down in order to give themselves up. I said, no. So I left them sitting until the rebels came up and told them to throw their hands up, and they were marched back, and were soon in the pen, stripped of their best clothing and valuables. I was still on the run, caught up with the Union cavalry and footed it with them over that rough country, by the aid of grasping the horse by his tail, which enabled me to make good my escape. Comrades, that was one of the times that it was tail hold or none; so I hung on, just like a bulldog, and it was well that I did.

Now, if any comrade reads this letter who was in that battle just throw something on the fire to keep it blazing. I was brigaded with the 93d and 114th Illinois, 95th and 72d Ohio, 26th Indiana, 9th and 10th Minnesota, First brigade, First division, 16th Army Corps.—Nathan Browning, late of Co. F, 93d Ind. Inft. Vols.

A Funny Incident.

Editor Camp Fire:—I want to tell the comrades of an incident of my soldier life, to show how I kept from going once on a scout, and how I came very near getting badly gobbled, too. In the spring and summer of 1863 we were camped near Trinne, Tenn. The country was full of roving bands of rebels, and the cavalry of Rosecrans were kept constantly on the alert watching them; and it seemed as if there were more of them in our vicinity than any where else. Well, we had been on duty three days and three nights continuously and you may imagine that we were very sleepy. So when we went into camp we expected to enjoy at least one good night's rest; our horses were picketed and fed and we had all gone to bed, sleeping the sleep of the just, when about 10 o'clock in the night we were awakened by the blare of the regimental bugler blowing "saddle up" and the captain tearing through camp urging us to saddle up on double quick, for, said he, "the rebels have fired on the picket post."

I rapidly thought the matter over and concluded that I wouldn't go; but how to escape the lynx eyed captain was the question. Just in front of my "dog-tent" there was a large beech tree, and the problem was solved. I was up the tree much quicker than it has taken to write this, safely straddling a limb. I was not more than two minutes until the regiment marched out, leaving the sick and perhaps some others like me. It was not long before the command reached the scene of action. I heard the firing very distinctly, and to my surprise it was getting nearer and still nearer.

In a few minutes here came a band of horsemen flying with all their might, and just behind them another band; which were the Yankees I couldn't tell, but both parties went through camp and I came down from my perch. I found Sergt. Ross asking some of the men who were left in camp that those who were retreating were rebels. The federals had gotten behind the rebels and there was no way for them to escape except through our camp. I saddled up my horse and started in the direction the boys had taken, and soon met them returning. The captain asked me what was the matter and I told him my horse had fallen. He never knew any better.—W. A. Hendrick.

A Loyal Tennesseean.

Editor Camp Fire:—I am glad to see the name of "Loyal Tennesseean" in The Blade. There was an expressed opinion during the war and seems to have prevailed to a great extent since, that "loyalty South of the Ohio was not worth much."

I, too, am a citizen of the old bloody 18th, Bedford county, Tennessee. My father was a Whig before the war, and a Union man during the war. He had eight sons, four of whom donned the blue and served till we could come home in peace.

I was one of the four, and belonged to Co. A, 1st Tennessee Vidette Cavalry. The other four boys were too young for the conscript, or they would have worn the blue. Our father died a short time ago.

We all voted together the same way—Republican, without a scratch. I am not a pensioner; am stout and hearty. Rough camp life seemed to have toughened me. Was never sick a day; never missed a fight that our command was in. Never missed a meal, except when we couldn't find anything to forage on. Our station had so much scouting to do that we sometimes had to live on roasting ears and shoat meat. The old man and his boys always counted three-fourths of a dozen on the Republican side.—J. S. Haskins.

Gus and the Goat.

Editor Camp Fire:—I come with a pine knot from South Florida to keep the camp-fire blazing, while I talk a little to my brother coffee coolers. I have been a subscriber to the good old Blade for 18 years; have not been without it only two months in that time, and that was for the lack of the dollar. I enjoy reading the Camp Fire very much, in fact I like all of it, as it is the soldier's friend. I will tell you a good joke on a private in Company H, Forty-sixth Iowa Infantry. While we were encamped at Columbia, Tenn., in '64, for short I will call him Gus, it was on a dark night. Gus was on guard as vidette, standing in a cow trail, with brush thick all around him, everything quiet and still. All at once something came running down the trail, right at him, in fact was within ten or fifteen feet of him before he had time to say scat, and Gus, not being as religious as he might or should have been, yelled out "halt, d—— you," but the thing failed to obey orders, but wheeled and ran the other way as fast as its legs could carry it.

As soon as daylight came we went in front to see if we could find any tracks of anything. We found it had been a goat. Then the boys had a good laugh at Gus's expense, and it was some time before he heard the last of it.—A. W. V., late of Co. H, 46th Iowa Inft.

Was Mr. Lochren's Comrade.

Editor Camp Fire: Allow me, a member of Wm. Lochren's old regiment, to correct a very natural mistake of D. L. Beebe's in the Camp Fire of Sept. 7, in reference to the pension commissioners' record. It is true that the roster of Co. E, as given in the history of the 1st Minnesota infantry, as written by our comrade Lochren himself, says that "he was mustered in July 3, 1863," but that has reference to his muster as a 1st lieutenant. He enlisted as a private April 29, 1861, and was discharged for disability in December, 1863. I think that up to the time of his discharge, he was engaged in all the sanguinary battles in which his regiment took such a glorious part, and I never heard his courage called in question, and I shall be slow to believe that he is not actuated by a high sense of duty in his management of the pension bureau.—L. S. Wood, Co. G, 1st Min. Inf.

Three Young Soldier Brothers.

Editor Camp Fire:—I am a reader of the Blade. I find it a very interesting and valuable paper. I like the Camp Fire columns and I bring a piece of hemlock bark to put on the fire to keep it ablaze.

I want to say in regard to Comrade J. S. Parke that I can beat him a little on age. He said he was 15 when he enlisted, and had a brother that was 18. Well, I was 15, had a brother 17, and another 19. Both brothers were wounded. I came out with a whole hide.—G. D. Kelly, Co. A, 207th Pa. Vol.

SPLINTERS.

The annual regimental reunion of the 19th Iowa Infantry will be held at Ft. Madison, Iowa, October 18 and 19.

Comrade M. V. Wert, Co. B, 10th Ind. Vol., thinks it is folly to howl against Hoke Smith, for nothing better could be expected of him. He says Smith can have his pension for the asking.

Comrade J. W. D., Lane county, Oregon, complains that after pension examiners gave him a rating Commissioner Lochren rejected his claim on the ground of insufficient disability.

Comrade Lambert, of Co. A, First Alabama cavalry, is sure if Northern soldiers knew as much of Southern Democracy as he does Grover Cleveland would not be President nor Hoke Smith boss of the pension department.

Ballads and Muffins for One.

Mme. Albani has for many years spent her holidays at the Old Mar Lodge, which is placed at her disposal by the Duke of Fife. Albani has there as usual this summer, and, as it is near Balmoral, the great singer is not seldom favored with a call by the Queen herself. Albani always makes a point to send word to the cook to prepare muffins for these occasions. Muffins are quite to the Queen's taste, and she will dispose of several while Albani sings to her. Victoria prefers ballads to any other songs. "The Lass o' Gowrie" and "Came Ye by Blair Athole" are decidedly her favorites, though she likes "Robin Adair" and "Bluebells of Scotland" pretty well. When Albani sings it is almost always the Princess Beatrice who plays. Albani has sung at Balmoral for other royal persons, notably the Empress Eugenie and Emperor Frederick.

THAT JOYFUL FEELING

With the exhilirating sense of renewed health and strength and internal cleanliness, which follows the use of Syrup of Figs, is unknown to the few who have not progressed beyond the old-time medicines and the cheap substitutes sometimes offered but never accepted by the well informed.

A New Trick.

A smart young man saved himself from a drenching in one of the recent heavy downpours, it is said, by a meal. He was on his way home about midnight, and the rain was sousing down like Niagara. The young man had spent some time under an awning a few blocks from his home when he espied another young man moving quite leisurely along under an umbrella. Mr. Smart sprang lightly forward as the stranger passed, pushed himself under the umbrella, started a lively conversation, which he kept up in such a one-sided and rattling way that the astonished stranger could not get in a word of protest or acquiescence. The smart youth never made a break till he reached his own door, and then he cordially thanked the man with the umbrella for his kindness. When he reached his room his self-gratulation over his clever ruse turned to wild profanity over his stupidity. His $90 diamond scarf-pin was gone, and he realized that the youth with the umbrella had walked off with it.

The Latest From Chicago.

He—My wife left last week on a visit to some relatives in Sioux Falls—

She—Oh, Mr. Wobbosh, this is so sudden.—Indianapolis Journal.

Insignificant Indeed.

"Biffins appears to have taken a rather obscure place in the community."

"Obscure? Well, I should say so. Why, nobody even brings him a petition to sign."—Washington Star.

Scott's Emulsion

of cod-liver oil presents a perfect food—palatable, easy of assimilation, and an appetizer; these are everything to those who are losing flesh and strength. The combination of pure cod-liver oil, the greatest of all fat producing foods, with Hypophosphites, provides a remarkable agent for *Quick Flesh Building* in all ailments that are associated with loss of flesh.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Chemists, New York. Sold by all druggists.

Simply—Soak, Boil and Rinse

Then it's easy enough—and safe enough, too. Millions of women are washing in this way. Are you?

Soak your clothes in Pearline and water (over night is best); boil them in Pearline and water twenty minutes; rinse them—and they will be clean.

When you think what you save by doing away with the rubbing, the saving of health, the saving of clothes, the saving of hard work, time and money—then isn't it time to think about washing with Pearline?

Beware of imitations. 335 JAMES PYLE, N. Y.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

Buchannn's Cabinet.

H. R. N., French Mountain, N. Y.: Jeremiah S. Black was born in Somerset county, Pa., January 10, 1810; died at York, Pa., August 19, 1883. He was admitted to the bar in 1831; was made judge in 1842; in 1851 elected one of the state supreme judges; re-elected in 1854 for 15 years; became attorney general under Buchanan in 1857; was made secretary of state in 1860; he practiced law until his death.

Philip F. Thomas was born in Easton, Ind., September 12, 1810; admitted to the bar in 1831; served in the legislature in 1838, and in 1843-45; secretary of the treasury in 1847; was made commissioner of patents, and on Cobb's resignation he was made secretary of the treasury, serving from December 1857 to January 14, 1861; was elected United States senator in 1866, but was refused his seat because he had "given aid and comfort to the rebellion." In 1874 he was elected representative in Congress for one term. In 1878 he was elected to the state legislature. He still practices law at Easton.

Jacob Thompson was born in Caswell county, N. C., May 15, 1810; died at Memphis, March 22, 1885. He was admitted to the bar in 1834, and settled in Mississippi. He served in the House of Representatives from 1839 to 1857, when he was made Buchanan's secretary of the interior, resigning January 8, 1861. He was governor of Mississippi from 1862 to '64, afterwards serving as aide-de-camp to General Beauregard. In 1864 he was sent to Confederate Canada, commissioner to, where he plotted to release rebel prisoners at Camp Douglas, to burn Northern cities and commit other outrages. After the war he returned to the United States.

Isaac Toucey was born in Newtown, Conn., November 5, 1796; died in Hartford, July 30, 1869. He was admitted to the bar in 1819; was representative in Congress from 1835 to 1839; elected to the legislature in 1846; appointed attorney general under Polk, serving from June, 1848, to March, 1849; was in the state Senate in 1850, state House of Representatives in 1852, then United States senator from May, 1852, to March 3, 1857; then made Buchanan's secretary of the navy, until Lincoln's inauguration, when he returned to the practice of law at Hartford.

Federal Salaries.

A. J. W., Columbus, O.: From a report recently made to the House by Representative Dockery, we find that appropriations have been made for specific salaries for the year ending June 30, 1894, for the several departments as follows:

Executive—One salaory, the President, $50,000; one salary, the Vice President, $8,000; twenty-one salaries, executive office, $83,200.

Department of State—82 salaries, $118,-620.

Department of War—1,789 salaries, $2,-626,376.

Department of the Treasury—2,712 salaries, $3,360,089.

Postoffice Department—655 salaries, $774,490.

Department of Justice—106 salaries, $167,750.

Department of the Navy—219 salaries, $263,770.

Department of the Interior—3,237 salaries, $4,139,454.

Department of Agriculture—323 salaries, $411,830.

Department of Labor—75 salaries, $101,-020.

Civil Service Commission—22 salaries, $36,400.

Fish Commission—137 salaries, $172,120.

Interstate Commerce Commission—6 salaries, $11,000.

Under Smithsonian Institute: (The salaries or compensation of all necessary employees on account of the National Museum, Bureau of International Exchanges, American Ethnology, National Zoological Park and the Astro-Physical Observatory are provided for in general appropriations, without specifying numbers or amounts).

Government Printing Office—7 salaries, $15,100.

Library of Congress—30 salaries, $43,-800.

District of Columbia—1,016 salaries, $1,-593,180.

Grand total, $13,364,196.

Standard Time.

J. F. B., Port Gibson, Miss.: Primarily for the convenience of the railroads, a standard of time was established by mutual agreement in 1883, by which trains are run and local time regulated. According to this system, the United States, extending from 65 degrees to 125 degrees west longitude, is divided into four time sections, each of 15 degrees of longitude, exactly equivalent to one hour. The first (eastern) section includes all territory between the Atlantic coast and an irregular line drawn from Detroit to Charleston, S. C., the latter being its most southern point. The second (central) section includes all the territory between the last-named line and an irregular line from Bismarck, N. D., to the mouth of the Rio Grande. The third (mountain) section includes all territory between the last-named line and nearly the western borders of Idaho, Utah and Arizona. The fourth (Pacific) section covers the rest of the territory to the Pacific coast. Standard time is uniform inside each of these sections, and the time of each section differs from that next to it by exactly one hour. Thus at 12 noon in New York city (eastern time), the time at Chicago (central time) is 11 o'clock a. m.; at Denver (mountain time), 10 o'clock a. m.; and at San Francisco (Pacific time), 9 o'clock a. m.

The Barber's Pole.

E. J. M., Leanderville, Ill., asks: "Why do barbers have a striped pole for their sign?"

During the Middle Ages everybody believed in blood-letting as a cure for many diseases. The barbers made a business of letting blood for those who wished it. As a sign of this, they put out a pole, at the end of which was suspended the brass basin used to catch the blood, and wrapped a red cloth around the pole, to signify the bloody bandage with which the flow was checked. When barbers ceased to bleed the basin was abandoned, but the red and white striped pole remained as a sign. Somebody in America added the blue stripe, so as to make the national colors.

Rifle and Enfield Rifles.

A. D. H., Rogersville, Md.: Capt. Minie, of the French army, about 1849 invented the Minie ball, which is conical, and has a cone-shaped cavity in the rear end. The old smooth-bore muskets were then rifled, and used the Minie ball. They were used in the Crimean war of 1854-5. In fact, it was common to call any arm a "Minie rifle" which fired a Minie bullet. The "Enfield rifle" does not mean any particular improvement, but was applied to arms made at a British government manufactory of arms at the town of Enfield, England. The old Enfield muzzle-loaders were afterwards changed to breech-loaders by using the Snider plan, and these are now called Enfield rifles.

Re-Election.

D. H. C., Glasco, Kan.: In the sentence, "Was any President of the United States ever re-elected the second time?" the adverb "second time" (or) the second time" modifies the verb "was re-elected." No President was ever re-elected the second time, for none ever served three terms. A President is elected to his first term; re-elected for a second term; and to be "re-elected a second time" would be to elect him for a third time. Grant was re-elected in 1872, but was not "re-elected a second time;" Cleveland ran three times, but was elected but twice.

The Southern Dialect.

D. J. T., Huron, Ind., asks: "Why do the people of the South use the word "sah" instead of "sir" in speaking? Did they acquire the habit of the negroes or did the negroes get it from the whites?"

The peculiar slurring of the letter "r" in the South is believed to have originated with the negroes, and the white children, nursed by negro nurses, learned it from them.

The Cabinet.

N. H., Wayeland, Kan.: President Cleveland's cabinet is as follows: Secretary of State, Walter Q. Gresham; Treasury, John G. Carlisle; War, Daniel S. Lamont; Interior, Hoke Smith; Navy, Hilary A. Herbert; Agriculture, J. Sterling Morton; Attorney General, Richard Olney; Postmaster General, Wilson O. Bissell. The salaries of cabinet officers are $8,000 per year each.

Old Coins.

A. K. K., Lewisburg, Pa.: There is no premium on the half-cent of 1804.

W. P. F., Auburn, Ark.: We don't know what you mean by an "eagle dime" of 1861. The dime had the head of Liberty on the obverse until 1844, when Liberty seated was substituted. There is no premium on the dime of 1821.

W. B. D., Sunnybrook, Ky.: No premium on the half-dollar of 1831.

S. W., Albion: The half-cent of 1809 bears no premium. We can not tell you anything of the charm you mention.

H. A. M., Grand Rapids, O.: The nickel cent of 1877, if not worn, is worth 10 cents. There is no coin dealer in Toledo.

I. N. W., Horton Summit, Va.: We do not know about premiums on foreign coins. The coin you mention is worth, as bullion, 15 to 18 cents.

Religious Bodies.

E. B. T., Burns Mill, Tenn.: The number of communicants of the denominations you inquire about, in the United States, by the census of 1890, were:

Roman Catholics	6,228,579
Baptists (all sects)	3,504,093
Disciples of Christ	641,051

Miscellaneous.

A. K., Holt, Mich.: Sorry, but we do not know.

L. B., Old Frame, Pa.: We never saw the poem you mention.

J. H. L., Florida, O.: There is no school of pharmacy in Toledo.

J. R., Forestville, N. Y.: We do not know; never heard of it before.

H. A. D., Huntington, W. Va.: We have not the figures for which you ask.

L. M., Hawarden, Iowa: The song is copyrighted, and we cannot print it.

H. J. F., Toledo, O.: Aluminum can be melted over and over, like iron. We don't know the price.

J. C., Patmos, N. C.: We know of no way to get a copy of a book out of print other than advertising for it.

P. R., Kyle's Ford, Tenn.: We do not know. Write to your Representative in Congress, and have him investigate.

E. N. C., Bristol Springs, N. Y.: P. P. Bliss and wife lost their lives in the Ashtabula disaster, on December 29, 1876.

E. J. D., Milton, Ore.: The only way of welding iron or steel without heating in a forge or furnace, is by electrical welding.

L. Z. H., Fullerton, Cal.: Coin only goes at its bullion value in any foreign country. The English have no full legal tender silver coin.

J. H., Avon, N. C.: We presume you can obtain the minutes of the International Sunday School conference by addressing its secretary.

I. C., Carlow, Mo., asks for "the process of rectifying sorghum molasses." We will send it to the Farmstead department for publication?

K. L., Jamestown, Pa.: We have no idea of the weight of the largest hippopotamus in the United States. Can any one inform us?

G. D. W., Emery Gap, Tenn.: We understand the magazine is still published by the same company. We don't know why you fail to get it.

M. A., Jenks, W. Va.: The principal United States mint is at Philadelphia. There are mints also at New Orleans, Carson City and San Francisco.

W. T. G., Goodfield, Tenn.: The papers of a deceased member of Congress are in the hands of his family, or the administrator of his estate. Apply to them.

S. R., Shumway, Ill.: No one denomination has an exclusive right to the term "Christian." Any church that professes a belief in Christ as the Savior is a Christian church.

J. E. H., Carrollton, O.: John P. St. John was elected governor of Kansas by the Republicans in 1882. He desired a renomination, but not getting it, joined the Prohibition party.

R. F., Whitestown, Ind.: We can not take the space to publish a full history of tariff legislation from 1790 to the present. Get a copy of Hon. R. W. Thompson's "History of the Tariff."

Subscriber, Monday, Va.: If you expect answers, you must comply with the rules above. Unless your Representative in Congress can send you the Record, you will have to subscribe for it.

H. E., Amos, W. Va.: If you have been examined for a government position and passed properly, your name is put on the list, and you will simply have to wait until all on that list before you have obtained positions.

S. J. S., Hutchinson, Kan.: The administrator of an estate in Ohio has to make a sworn statement of its settlement in the Probate court of the county wherein the estate is located. It is on record in that court. Get a lawyer to investigate.

W. H., Hollister, O.: Nitro-glycerine is put up in minute pellets for use as medicine. It is not dangerous to handle in this form, but must not be touched except by the advice of a physician. It is largely used in city hospitals and in the practice of the best modern physicians, both here and in Europe.

S. P., Springfield, Ill.: There is no record made of the religious belief or disbelief of members of Congress or other office-holders, because the constitution provides that there shall be no religious test, and it is a matter entirely between a man's conscience and his own private affair, with which the public have no concern.

H. & M., Wilson, O.: Commissioner of Pensions Lochren was mustered into service April 20, 1861, as a member of Co. E, 1st Minnesota infantry; resigned on certificate of disability December 30, 1863. He was the first lieutenant of Co. E. We gave these facts in the Camp Fire in Weekly Blade of September 21.

B. L. D., Piqua, O.: Last summer we published a list of Cleveland's private pension vetoes—over a column. There is no comparison possible between the number of such bills signed by Cleveland and the number signed by Harrison, as the dependent pension bill, passed while the latter was President, gave pensions to tens of thousands of deserving men who did not come under the old law, and could only have obtained pensions by means of special acts of Congress.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

Makes Delicious Lemonade.

A teaspoonful added to a glass of hot or cold water, and sweetened to the taste, will be found refreshing and invigorating.

HAVOC OF A WOMAN'S GLANCE.

Coquetry of a Comely Colored Girl Causes Quite a Mix-Up.

She was a piquant little octoroon, with a pretty face and stylish attire. As she started from the curb at a busy junction near the Brooklyn City hall she gave a pert glance at a well-dressed colored man who happened to halt beside her, and he turned to cross the street, too. The girl reached the opposite curb just as the man reached the middle of the street, and as she turned to walk on she gave another roguish glance and a toss of her head and hurried out of sight. The man's attention was attracted to the girl and he failed to note a swiftly approaching trolley car until it nearly ran him

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1893.

Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE .....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 175,000

A BRAND-NEW BOOK.

Some of those who write us do not seem to understand that the book we are now offering, the "Nasby Letters," is an entirely different book from "Nasby in Exile," which we offered last year. Remember,

They are NOT the same.

The "Nasby Letters" is an entirely different book.

It is written in the quaint "Nasby" orthography, just as the letters were originally printed in the Toledo Blade. It contains a fine portrait of Mr. D. R. Locke, with copy of his autograph, and also a page reproduction, by a photographic engraving process, of a page of a little pamphlet (printed in 1864, containing a few of the first letters written), which belonged to Abraham Lincoln. The page reproduced was used by Mr. Lincoln as a blotter, and bears the traces of the writing it was used to blot.

We repeat, the "Nasby Letters" is a brand-new book, entirely different from "Nasby in Exile." Don't confuse the two in your mind.

SHE LIKES THE BOOK.

The following letter from a new subscriber at Butler, Ind., may be of interest to the "Old Guard" of The Blade :

Publishers Blade:—I ame one of the late subscribers to your paper, and as such, I am pleased to have become acquainted. I received the "Nasby Letters" with the paper promptly, for which accept my thanks. The Blade I read each week thoroughly, politics and all, and the "Letters" appreciatively. In this week's paper I found the biographical sketch of Edward Bellamy, the author of "Looking Backward" (which I have read). I am gleaning matter of this nature from any source, to place in my "scrap-book," and Edward Bellamy shall have a good representation. A READER.

WHAT THE "CHANGE" COSTS US.

The "industrial census" taken by the American Economist, of which a synopsis appears in our telegraphic report to-day, gives some idea of the paralysis resulting from the Democratic threat of free trade and the financial stringency resulting from the free silver agitation. The industrial situation is summed up in this : there was a decrease of 61 per cent in the number of persons employed, comparing the week ended September 2, of this year, with that ended November 5, of last year, while the wages paid by the same establishments were 69 1-2 per cent less, comparing the same weeks. As to commerce, the amount of trade throughout the country during the latter of the two weeks compared was only half that of the former.

The country has already paid dear for the "change" voted by the people last November. The comparison, it will be noted, is of the week previous to the Presidential election last November with the opening week of September of this year. Consider that the shrinkage shown refers to only one week; figure how long this depressed condition has lasted and how long it may be expected to last, and extend the estimate to all the industries of the country, as well as its trade, and the total will run far into the hundreds of millions. Then consider the additional fact that the shrinkage in the value of stocks and other securities, and of other properties affected by the depression, and figure up the sum total. It is estimated by experts that the shrinkage in stock values alone has been fully $500,000,000. It is reasonably certain that the election of a Democratic President and Congress has cost the country as much as the entire war of the rebellion.

Democratic administrations come very high. Do they pay ?

WILL REPEAL COME THIS WEEK?

Mr. Voorhees has at last fixed the date when the Senate sessions shall be prolonged in the hope of forcing the minority to a vote. Wednesday, October 11, is the day determined upon to inaugurate the contest, which may resolve into a question of physical endurance. On Saturday Secretary Carlisle went to the Capitol, and had a conference with a number of Senators, in which he again repeated the assurance that the President will veto any measure which is not absolute and unconditional repeal. It is the belief on the inside that unconditional repeal will win the day, and that, too, by the close of the present week. If a vote can be reached, the majority for unconditional repeal in the Senate will be 21 votes.

Representative Ikirt, a Democrat, now representing McKinley's old district, went before the Ways and Means committee to protest against any reduction of duties on pottery, assigning as a reason that " a lower tariff would reduce the wages of the laboring man, skilled and unskilled, in the potteries of East Liverpool." Larry Neal declared in Toledo, as he does wherever he delivers his one speech, that the assumption that protection is a benefit to American labor "was conceived in hypocrisy and fraud." Perhaps Mr. Neal and Mr. Ikirt better have a joint debate on the question at East Liverpool.

There is a movement on foot among the Canadian Liberals to make the coming campaign in the Dominion on the proposition to adopt a system of reciprocity with the United States, based on the adoption of a tariff equal to our own against all other nations but ourselves. But will Uncle Sam agree to free trade with Canada in those terms? It takes two to make a bargain.

Up to the hour of going to press, Mr. Van Alen has not resigned his nomination as embassador to Italy, nor has Mr. Cleveland withdrawn it.

RAILROADS DON'T WANT THEM.

The Chicago and Rock Island railway company is enforcing among its employes the rule that they shall not enter saloons nor indulge in any intoxicants. This rule holds good at all times, and not merely during their hours of labor. The men are not allowed to drink at all while in the employ of the company. Furthermore, it is not allowed that any employe shall shield another who drinks. The rule is based upon the theory that drinking renders a man unreliable, and therefore his habit endangers the safety of life and property; and any one employed by that road who knows of a fellow-employe drinking, is expected to report it, exactly as he would report a defective brake, or a broken rail, or a loose switch, or any other defect in any part of the road or its equipment.

It appears, however, that a portion of the employes resent the rule as an invasion of their "personal liberty," and have accordingly been evading it. This is wrong. No man is compelled to work for the Chicago and Rock Island railway company. If he deems its rules tyrannical, he need not take employment under them. But if he does accept a position on that road, that act carries with it the obligation to obey all rules. There can be no escape from that conclusion; and an honorable man, who considered the rule in question a tyrannical one, would not take employment of the company.

It became a matter of notoriety that the employes of the road were violating the rule, and the company, giving due notice, began its enforcement rigorously. The penalty of its disobedience is dismissal. The officials even employed spotters to watch suspected men and report. One engineer who was accused of drinking, protested stoutly that he did not drink, but collapsed and confessed when he was shown a snap photograph of himself in the act of draining a schooner of beer. Another engineer, who was known to be an abstainer, was discharged for not reporting a fireman who did drink.

This proceeding of the railway company emphasizes what The Blade has frequently predicted—that the time is rapidly coming when the drinking man will not find any of the better avenues to remunerative employment open to him. He will find it more and more impossible to obtain any position wherein an active brain, a correct eye or a steady hand are necessary for the best work. He will preforce find himself compelled to seek employment at the coarsest manual labor—that which is the least remunerative. And through the progress of this state of things, there will be a tremendous impulse given the movement to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

ATTACKING CONSUMPTION.

The Michigan state board of health has taken quite important action with regard to that scourge, consumption. It has placed it on the list of "dangerous communicable diseases," like diphtheria, scarlet fever and smallpox, and hereafter requires it to be promptly reported by physicians and health officers, and patients suffering therefrom will be subject to the same regulations, and the same precautions against communication of the disease to others will be taken, as in the case of the other diseases in the same category.

This is a step in the right direction. The question whether consumption is a communicable disease has never been settled to the satisfaction of the medical profession. Some physicians declare that it is, while others scout the idea, and declare that it is not. But the fact remains that it is one of the scourges of the human race, and that more deaths are due to it than to any one other which afflicts humanity, in the north temperate zone.

The rule of the Michigan board will, if it be made permanent, settle the question within a few years. If similar precautions are taken to prevent infection to those which have proved so effective with diphtheria and scarlet fever, there should be a steady decrease in the number of cases of consumption in the state of Michigan. It is a settled fact that this disease can not be transmitted by heredity from parent to child; only a predisposition to the disease—a liability to attack—can be handed from one generation to the next. Hence, in the course of years, the ravages of consumption would be largely stayed in that state; and if similar action were taken in every state, the spread of the disease would be prevented, and another of the ills which afflict humanity be kept largely within bounds. We commend the matter to the attention of the Ohio authorities.

CALL AN INVESTIGATION.

Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky, who is a free silver man and opposed to the repeal of the Sherman law, in a speech on the floor of the Senate on October 4, declared that the financial panic from which the country is just emerging is the result of a conspiracy. He charges that the New York agent of the Rothschilds had an interview last April with President Cleveland and Secretary of the Treasury Carlisle, at Washington, and demanded the issue of $150,000,000 of government bonds. He met with a refusal, and a conspiracy to bring on a financial crisis followed. And the Senator went on to say that this agent of the Rothschilds exported gold to Europe at a loss, in order to weaken the gold reserve in the federal treasury, undermine public confidence, and bring on the panic.

Now, here are a series of charges which demand immediate attention. If the agent of the Rothschilds did what the Senator charges, the people want to know it. Why Mr. Blackburn did not at once introduce a joint resolution for the creation of an investigating committee passes our comprehension. As he has notably failed in his duty, let some other member of Congress, in either House or Senate, demand an investigation at once. Let us have no delay. If the story is true, it can be ascertained very speedily by an official inquiry; if it is not, then Senator Blackburn will deserve to be held up before the nation as a liar beside whom Ananias's efforts are as puny as is a babe compared with Goliath of Gath.

Kentucky's laws were almost entirely changed Monday, when the new statutes went into effect, and the law of the state became, by virtue of 269 bills passed, new from top to bottom. The most important of these transactions is the Separate Coach Law, which makes it necessary for railroad companies to provide separate coaches for negroes and whites. This law has been desperately opposed by the colored people, and will not tend to strengthen the Democracy with the Kentucky colored voters.

EMIGRATION TO EUROPE.

At present two persons are leaving the United States to each one coming in. That is the case at New York, which is the great gateway of immigration. This does not include travelers, or those who go abroad for a time on business. It takes in only those who are going with the intention of staying. The steerage capacity of the outgoing steamers is, for the first time in our history, taxed to find accommodations for those who desire passage to Europe.

This exodus is the direct result of the business depression. Whenever we have had a panic followed by stagnation in the industrial world, the immigration figures showed a heavy drop very speedily. There was, too, some emigration at such times, as would naturally be expected. Aliens found the conditions here not what they expected, and so returned to their former homes. But there has never been such a heavy outgo of people as now, nor did the movement ever set in so quickly.

The reason lies at hand. It is the impending change in our industrial system, which will be brought about by the Democratic Congress adopting the "tariff for revenue only"—or, to call it by its real name, the free trade policy. Skilled workmen desirous of bettering their condition came to the United States, knowing that the wage-rate is at least double that at home, while the cost of living is lower in some items, no greater in many, and only slightly greater in the remainder. Hence they could save money faster here than at home.

The triumph of the Democratic party last November rendered it certain that American wages will be cut down, and that the opportunities for work will be very much lessened —for it is plain to any thinking man that the increase of imports, which even the Democrats in Congress expect, will mean a lessening of the amount of manufactures here; and it is equally certain that in very many lines the rate of wages must be cut in two, or those industries will not be able to compete with foreign products of the same kind under the coming low tariff.

Hence the thoughtful ones among the European workers, as soon as the manufacturers and wholesalers began to take in sail to meet the coming storm, began to make arrangments to return to their old homes. They realize that, severe as is the depression now, it will be infinitely worse as soon as the low tariff is an accomplished fact, that it will take several years for the nation to adjust itself to the radical change in conditions, and that then their condition will be no better here than in Europe. So they leave the certainty of dull times and scarce work to be on hand when the increase in our imports gives European mills and factories a much wider market for their products, which will of course give work to thousands more workingmen than their present force. Hence the heavy emigration to Europe.

SPRINGER'S "DISCOVERY."

Representative Springer has discovered a mare's nest, and a considerable number of newspapers are talking with an owl-like assumption of knowledge over a matter concerning which there is not the least doubt. Mr. Springer thinks that the passage of the bill to repeal the silver purchasing and note-issuing clauses of the Sherman law would revive the old coinage law of 1837, which allowed any holder of silver bullion to deposit it in the mint and have it coined into legal-tender silver dollars for his own benefit.

It is strange that Mr. Springer should have been led into such a glaring error, and stranger still that the newspapers which have been discussing his "discovery" did not take the pains to turn to the Revised Statutes of the United States and inform themselves that Mr. Springer's theory is untrue. The coinage act of 1873 dropped the silver dollar from the list of coins, but it was restored by the Bland-Allison act of 1878. The other provisions of the act of 1873 are still operative. Among them the following:

Sec. 21. That any owner of silver bullion may deposit the same at any mint to be formed into bars or into dollars of the weight of 429 grains (trade dollars), AND NO DEPOSIT OF SILVER FOR OTHER COINAGE SHALL BE RECEIVED.

The words we have capitalized are still in full force, not having been repealed by any subsequent legislation. Therefore the passage of the repeal bill can not revive the free coinage provision of the act of 1837. Consequently Mr. Springer has made a very large blunder, and one of which he ought to be heartily ashamed. The coinage of the trade dollar was stopped by law in 1876.

The immigration bill introduced in the House by Representative Curtis, of Kansas, is too sweeping. It is manifestly impossible for the captain of every vessel bringing immigrants to the United States to ascertain, before sailing, the personal history, moral character, educational qualifications, financial condition and political views of each one who applies for passage, nor can inspectors on this side do this work satisfactorily. Were it enacted into law, it would be a dead letter, because it is impossible of enforcement.

The New England "abandoned farms" are rapidly being reclaimed. More than 30 per cent of those in Massachusetts have been taken up within the past year and a half. They are all in the hill country, reached by bad roads, and the soil, naturally poor, has been impoverished by long cultivation without fertilization. Some are purchased for summer homes, others by educated farmers who will restore the land by the use of proper fertilizers and scientific farming.

If the Democratic Congress increases the internal revenue tax on whisky by 50 per cent, as is proposed, it will help the Whisky Trust to a splendid fortune. It holds 13,000,000 gallons, and this will be increased $5,200,000 in value. The Democrats are fixing things to help the trusts every time.

A volume containing sixty of Governor William McKinley's speeches has just been issued by an Eastern publishing house. They are not all political, but extend over a wide range of topics. The volume will show that Ohio's governor is a man of literary as well as political ability.

If the appointment of Van Alen will open the Mugwump eyes to the hollowness of Mr. Cleveland's pretensions to political purity, it may be worth the disgrace.

The next governor of Massachusetts will probably be ex-Congressman Greenhalge.

MAYNARD.

The state campaign in New York bids fair to turn upon personal issues. The Democratic state convention was controlled by the Hill element, and whenever a Cleveland man bobbed up as an aspirant, he was mercilessly turned down. The issue of Hill vs. Cleveland was never lost sight of, even for an instant. Hill and Tammany Hall had full swing, and if there are any Cleveland Democrats in the Empire state who have the courage of their convictions, they will vote against the ticket so nominated in order to rebuke the machine and Hill. Hence the first personal issue is that between the shifty Senator and the President.

But a far more serious personal issue is that forced upon the voters of the state by the nomination of Isaac H. Maynard for Associate Judge of the Court of Appeals. Maynard is the scoundrel who used his official position to steal the legislature of the state for the Hill-Tammany crowd. This is not a mere campaign charge. It is a matter of record that Maynard abstracted the legal election returns of Dutchess county in order to give a subservient state canvassing board the chance to canvass a return which he and they knew to be fraudulent. This crime against a free election resulted in seating a state Senator who was not elected, and by this means placed every branch of the state government in Democratic hands.

These facts can not be gainsaid. They are, as we have said, matters of record. The Bar association of New York, comprising the leading lawyers of the city and state, appointed a non-partisan committee of investigation, which reported that "the offense committed by Judge Maynard is one of the gravest known to the law," and publicly declared that Maynard is unfit for a seat on the bench, and recommended that the governor remove him. The Bar association, by an almost unanimous vote, adopted this report, and called for the ousting of a judge who had so shamefully disgraced the bench.

The decent people of the state are disgusted at the action of the Saratoga convention in this matter, and the personal issue thus raised will be a powerful factor in the state election. Add to this the doubling of the tax rate by the Democratic legislature, and the overthrow of non-partisan election boards by it, and the New York election is sure to be full of interest, not only to the people of that state, but of the United States.

NO PAPAL NUNCIO.

Periodically the statement comes that overtures have been made to ascertain whether the United States government will receive an accredited representative of the Vatican—a papal nuncio, in fact; and each time the rumor is denied—this time by Satolli. This rumor and its denial have been repeated so often as to lead one to wonder what purpose can lie beneath the repetition. Time alone can show, however.

We can not understand why any one supposes that this government would receive a papal nuncio. The Pope is not a secular ruler; there is no country of which he is the head; and there would be no more pertinence in receiving his duly-accredited representative than that of a Theosophic mahatma, from the fastnesses of the Himalayas, or of the Patriarch of the Greek chuch at Constantinople. This government has no control over the religions of its people, nor can it receive a representative from the head of any church, no matter how many adherents the latter may have in the United States. While we have no doubt the Pope would be glad to send an emissary from the Vatican to Washington, if the latter would be received, we are equally sure any such proposition would be promptly and peremptorily declined.

The re-imposition of a duty on sugar, which will be one of the features of the Wilson tariff bill, now preparing by the Ways and Means committee, will be a perfect bonanza to the Sugar Trust. It is now understood that the committee contemplates a duty of at least one cent a pound on sugar, which is now free. This means that the Sugar Trust will import millions of pounds of sugar free, from the period when it becomes certain a duty will be put upon sugar, while the bill is being tediously debated, and until the law goes into effect, and then sell it at the advanced price at which sugar will then sell, and make not less than a hundred million dollars out of the pockets of the people. That is one of the beauties of the coming "tariff reform."

A practical test is sure to be made of the electric propulsion of canal boats, which The Blade has frequently urged for use in the canals of Ohio. The state of New York provides $10,000 for the trial, which will be made on the Rochester level of the Erie canal. Two wires will be suspended over the canal, exactly as trolley wires are suspended over city streets, and the current is brought down a trolley-pole to an electric motor in the boat's stern, which runs a screw propeller. The experiment will certainly be a success, and the friends of the canal system of Ohio should watch it with extreme interest.

Secretary Carlisle has sent to the Senate a new estimate, placing the probable total cost of deportation of Chinese laborers under the Greary act at $7,360,000, of which sum $860,000 would be required for the current fiscal year. The Democrats in Congress are dismayed at the showing, for it means that much greater expenditure, and this in the face of the fact that the outgo is exceeding the income of the government each month.

The Boston Herald points out that Wheeler's bill to enable the city of New York to hold a fair in 1900 to commemorate the beginning of the twentieth century of Christianity should have the date "changed" to 1901, which is the year in which the twentieth century opens." And the Herald is correct, of course. The last day of 1900 completes the nineteenth century, and New Year's day of 1901 begins the twentieth.

There is no telling what this Democratic administration will not do. Why, Henry St. George Tucker, a common congressman from Virginia, has reversed a decision of the Supreme court, and he hasn't been in Congress long, either.

The Connecticut town elections this week showed Republican gains everywhere. Democratic candidates suffered on account of the hard times. The same will prove true of the Ohio election.

THE "PAN-AMERICAN BI-METALLIC CONVENTION."

The real weakness of the free silver cause was revealed in the meeting of the much-advertised "Pan-American Bimetallic convention" at St. Louis. This gathering was called in the interests of the free coinage of silver at the present ratio. Of the 53 states and organized territories of the Union only nine were represented—Colorado, Iowa, Texas, Indiana, Montana, South Carolina, New Mexico, Arkansas and Missouri. This is significant. Not only were the states represented a small minority of the whole number in the Union, but the number of inhabitants represented were a still smaller minority of the total population of the country. The conclusion is inevitable that the majority of the people are opposed to free coinage of light-weight silver dollars.

Gov. Tillman, of South Carolina endeavored to break the force of the small attendance by abusing the press of the country. He unblushingly voiced a huge falsehood when he declared it to be due to the power of the press "to smother the efforts of the masses to rise to their proper place." In the first place, the meeting was duly announced through the dispatches of the great press associations, and the notice was published by the great majority of the daily newspapers served by them—embracing all the dailies of any great circulation in the country. There can be no pretense that the people didn't know of the convention.

Furthermore, we can assure Gov. Tillman of the fact that if the press was generally hostile to the movement it is the best evidence in the world that the movement itself is unpopular. Each newspaper serves a constituency of its own; and if it does not agree with their sentiments, they drop it, and take some paper which does. The governor should gain some practical insight into the newspaper business. Had he done so before, he would not have made the statement quoted above. Perhaps, however, it was his readiest refuge from the fact that the convention was a failure in attendance, and the inevitable conclusion that this means that a vast majority of the people of the United States condemn the free silver fallacy.

AN IMPRACTICAL SCHEME.

Mr. D. Lubin, of Sacramento, Cal., sends The Blade a copy of an article written by him, which proposes that the United States government shall undertake to move all the freight of the country in the same manner as mail matter, making an uniform rate for all distances. Mr. Lubin requests The Blade to express its opinion of the plan, as his paper is to be read at the annual meeting of the California state Grange, and he wishes to present the views of leading newspapers on the subject.

The plan is impractical. To accomplish it, the government would either have to buy all the railways, or make contracts with them the same as it does for carrying the mails. The former is impossible, if for no other reason than that the government would have to create an enormous interest-bearing debt to do it. The second would make it more costly to move freight than the present method. Mr. Lubin evidently goes upon the theory that the railroads charge enormously exorbitant rates. This is true, perhaps, in a few localities; but it is not true of the great freight movements of the country, especially the moving of grain and other products to market.

There is glaring injustice in the proposition to make the rate the same for all distances. For example, Mr. Lubin would have the government charge just as much to carry a crate of grapes from Sacramento to San Francisco as to carry it from Sacramento to New York. This of itself is enough to condemn the plan.

Mr. Lubin falls into error in comparing mail matter with freight. By far the larger portion of mail matter is letters and newspapers, and the chief item of cost is handling, not the weight. With crop products, live stock, etc., weights is the most important item. The cases are not parallel, and the Sacramento gentleman has not taken the trouble to think out his scheme, and find the practical objections for himself. We have indicated very briefly a few of them, and trust other newspapers will give others.

ITALY'S RASHNESS.

The New York Herald's European cables speak positively of the danger of an European war. Italy is believed to desire a conflict. She is totally stranded financially, her politics are in a bad way, and she looks to a war as a means of rehabilitation. Italy finds her excuse in the demonstrations of amity between Russia and France, consequent upon the visit of the Russian fleet to Toulon. Italy does not relish Russian influence in the Mediterranean, and the grant of a coaling station by France to Russia is a large grievance to the government of King Humbert.

A Berlin dispatch in the Paris edition of the Herald says that Germany's support of Italy is considered certain, while France and Russia will of course be allies. English sympathy is with Italy, for the appearance of Russia in the Mediterranean is another menace to the decaying Turkish Empire—at least the remnant of it on the European shore, including Constantinople—and possibly to English control in Egypt and her ownership of the Suez canal. There is a state of tension in European cabinets, for no one really appears to desire war save Italy; and if her rashness shall precipitate a conflict, no one can foresee the result. The map of Europe will be recast—but who will get the lion's share ?

There is a decided effort among the silver Senators for a "compromise" on the silver question. Unfortunately, there is no compromise that they will accept. They want a cheap silver dollar, while the honest money men want a dollar of the same purchasing power as at present. The repealers have a clear majority in the Senate, and if they fail to find a way to bring the repeal bill to a vote the country will make itself heard. The Senators are the servant of the people, after all—though some of them appear to forget that fact once in a while.

The Republican Senators—of course excluding those from the silver states —that they will not agree to any compromise which will allow additional silver coinage to be tacked on to the bill to repeal the Sherman law. If the Democratic Senators are willing to betray the people in that way, let them do it, and stand the consequences.

MINORITY RULE.

It is admitted by the silver men themselves that those favoring the repeal of the Sherman silver law are in a majority in the Senate. It is plain to every one who has followed the long debate in that body that argument has been exhausted on both sides of the silver question. No new argument can be adduced. The speeches that now occupy the time are mere re-statements, in different language, of arguments that have already been made. Every Senator has his mind made up as to how he shall vote. Why, then, the need of prolonging debate, when it is plain that the financial interests of the country are suffering because of the delay?

The only answer is, that the free silver minority is endeavoring to prevent rule by the majority. Some advocates on that side of the question do not hesitate to declare that they propose to prevent the majority from carrying out its wishes, and that, as the Senate has among its rules no method whereby debate can be limited, they propose to keep on talking until the majority yields, and permits the minority to dictate what shall be done.

This brings up a new question, and one of even greater importance than the one over which the Senate is wrangling. It is, whether the fundamental tenet of our institutions—the rule of the majority—is to be defied and disregarded. If a minority in the Senate may control legislation and defy the majority, then that body becomes an oligarchy. No other people in the world would tolerate such a high-handed and tyrannical a proceeding. They would rise in rebellion, and sweep the obstructionists out of the Senate Chamber.

The Senate should, as soon as the present question is disposed of, adopt some simple rule of closure—the previous question, for instance, which has worked well in the House of Representatives for many years. The way should not be left open for a reckless minority to practically control the proceedings of our highest legislative body.

THE WILSON TARIFF BILL.

The Ways and Means committee of the House is hard at work elaborating the new tariff bill, which will bear the name of the chairman, Mr. Wilson. It will be more radical than a great many easy-going people have imagined.

The wool-growers of the country will be interested to find that it has already been decided that wool is to go on the free list.

The lumber interests will have an equal interest with the flockmasters, because hewn, sawed and manufactured timber will be placed on the same list.

Furthermore, it is pretty clearly set down that the free list will have the following articles added to it : Cotton bagging and ties, binding twine, lead and tin, copper ore, iron ore and coal, salt and hemp, vegetables, meats, eggs, game and poultry, beans and seeds; while a long list of other articles are under consideration, with the probability that they will be added to the catalogue of free articles, so as to reduce the revenue about $11,000,000.

On the other hand, it is believed that a duty of at least one cent a pound will be imposed upon sugar, and that the present bounty will be cut off. This will bring in about $35,000,000 per year. Of course, as The Blade has often explained, a duty on sugar is necessarily a revenue duty, because there can not be enough sugar manufactured in the United States to act as a price-reducer through competition. The central principle of protection is to admit free those things we can not produce, and put a duty on things we can produce. A "tariff for revenue only" must raise revenue by levying duties on things most largely imported. So sugar must bear a part, and the dear people go down into their pockets to pay it. Coffee and tea belong in the same category, and Hon. Frank Hurd believes they should be taxed also. We predict that the people will howl far more over the coming "Wilson tariff" than they ever have over a protective tariff.

TWO OBSCURE POINTS.

Here is one point whereon the advocates of cheap money are strangely silent. They demand with vehemence an increase in the amount of circulation per capita on the plea that there is not enough money in circulation to meet the demands of "the people." But they fail to show how any of the additional issue would get into the pockets of "the people" unless they have something to sell for it; and there has not been a day within the present generation that any man who had a bushel of wheat, or a head of stock, or anything else in the line of products, that he could not get the money for it if he chose to sell it and demand cash.

Another point that needs elucidation is this: It is a common utterance of Populists that the "plutocrats" gather in the money of the country whenever they wish, so as to produce a scarcity of that commodity. But they do not explain the mysterious process by which this is accomplished. It is strange, if true, that one set of men can gather in the money in circulation whenever it pleases them. Do they do so without giving an equivalent in value?

We should be glad to have light on these two points. We ask—and we ask in good faith—that some one who believes the tenets of those who utter these statements, to send us an explanation on these two points. We want to know, if the government should, for instance, double the circulation, and bring it up to $50 per capita, how a single dollar more would get into the pockets of "the people" without their giving an equivalent in value. And we want to know how the so-called "plutocrats" and "money sharks" can absorb the money in circulation so as to create a scarcity. Who will tell us?

Reduction in wages is now an every day occurrence in industries which recently started up. Is this the change workingmen voted for a year ago?

It has taken forty years to teach the English yachtsmen the superiority of American vessel models, but they have learned the lesson at last.

Now is the proper time to buy stock in the sugar trust. The Ways and Means committee has decided to recommend a duty on sugar.

There was an increase in the public debt during September of nearly half a million. Democratic financiering is never a shining success.

THE "NASBY LETTERS."

We make an announcement, on the 5th page, of the most important premium offer The Blade has ever made. It is important because it is welcome, not only to our subscribers, but to the public at large, who have been wanting the "Nasby Letters" in book form for a number of years. We have prepared this volume at great expense, and it has cost us much time and labor in addition to get it ready. We have endeavored to make it plain that we can not take care of renewals from subscribers who want the book, except in the order, by months, in which their subscriptions expire. To attempt, in September, to fill orders for renewals of subscriptions which expire in other months than September, would be almost a physical impossibility, and cause delay and vexation. Every one will be given a chance in due time, during the month in which his subscription expires.

We wish to urge just as strongly that subscribers who desire the book must take advantage of the postal card due-bill during the month in which their subscriptions expire; as, in the next month, we will have to care for the renewals of that month, and we do not care for those who have missed their opportunity.

As to new subscribers, we will take care of them at any time. We can not, of course, set a time for them; neither can we send them the postal card due-bills. Send $1 for the Weekly Blade, and say you wish a copy of the "Nasby Letters," and your order will be filled as soon as you receive it. If no mention is made of wanting the book, we shall take it for granted that you don't want it.

All subscribers whose terms expire in September should at once prepare to get in their orders for renewal as soon as they receive postal card due-bills. We will receive their orders during August—a little in advance—or at any time during September. If they pass that month without renewing, they will have to wait until some further future favorable time.

VIGILANT VS. VALKYRIE.

The race of Thursday being a failure from the lack of a breeze, the two yachts will try conclusions again today. The America's cup will go to the one winning three races of the five in the series. While there is great interest taken in the result, the contest is not as noteworthy as those which have preceded it, because it is not a contest between methods of construction. The yacht builders of the United States and of England developed two radically different types of vessel, and these two systems first came into racing competition in the famous contest wherein the America won the cup in 1851. The America was contemptuously sneered at by the English as a "skimming dish;" but that type of construction was found faster than the narrow and deep cutter type of the English.

Each international contest since then, with its victory for the American defender of the cup, has driven the English builders more toward the American type of vessel; while it is also true that the American builders have modified their type, and availed themselves of certain approved points in the English models. But we have not gone nearly so far in that direction as the English yachtsmen have come toward the American type. The Valkyrie is far nearer the "skimming dish" model than the Vigilant is to the narrow, deep Aurora, which came in second in the famed contest from Cowes around the Isle of Wight, on August 22, 1851, when the America so tremendously outsailed her. The contest therefore is not between the English and American models. The latter type is accepted as the faster. The race is simply between two vessels of the same general type, one owned on each side of the Atlantic.

"REPEAL OR NOTHING."

President Cleveland has nailed his colors to the mast, according to the latest reports from Washington. He lays down the dictum that "it must be unconditional repeal or nothing." A Democratic Senator, favorable to the repeal of the Sherman law, went to the White House to urge the President to agree to some sort of compromise; but the latter declared that he will veto any measure sent him unless it shall be one for repeal without qualification, and added that if he were going to be beaten, he wanted the people to understand just where the responsibility lay, but he said that he did not yet believe his administration was doomed to defeat. If the repeal bill fails, we might better have the Sherman law than a free coinage bill, or any patchwork compromise that will add to the volume of 58-cent dollars lying in the Treasury vaults.

There is a sermon on the consequences of unsound laws dealing with national finances in Bradstreet's report of business failures for the past nine months. They aggregate 11,174, or 51 per cent more than in the same period last year. The liabilities were $324,087,708, or 320 per cent more than the failure liabilities during the same time last year. Even in 1884, when there was something of a panic, the 8,202 failures carried only $195,951,000 liabilities. There is a lesson in this for the bull-dozing minority in the Senate which it will be compelled to heed.

The judgment of the people of the United States will indorse the position of the New York Evening Post on the Van Alen case—that the last man in the country to whom the President should give a great office is the man who has given the most money toward electing him. If wealthy men will not subscribe to campaign funds without claiming official reward, then let us run our campaigns without so much money, as they were run in the earlier days of the republic.

The vote of the women at the Connecticut town elections on Monday, October 3, was somewhat curious. In some towns none voted, in others very many. Where they joined forces with the existing parties they proved a power, but where they tried to be a party by themselves they were by themselves, and that was all.

The New York Recorder consolingly remarks that if the Senate fails to confirm Mr. Van Alen, the President, as in the case Mr. Blount, can send somewhere as "my direct personal representative, with paramount authority."

How many workmen would have voted for Cleveland last fall if they had known that this business depression would have resulted?

The Senate is making a record for talking which makes the church sewing society tremble for its laurels.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

Out of Albany's population of 100,000, over 15,000 are working women.

Among the notables at Lucerne this summer is Mary Anderson-Navarro, with a devoted husband in attendance.

An eleven year old daughter of Emin Pasha is being carefully educated in Europe.

The Crown Princess of Sweden is trying to establish women photographers in Stockholm.

Miss Amye Reade, a niece of the novelist, Charles Reade, has followed in the footsteps of her uncle to the extent of writing two novels, "Ruby" and "Zerma."

The British Medical Association has at last admitted women as members. The principle was approved last year, and this year the by-law excluding women was formally expunged.

Queen Victoria proposes to erect a cairn in memory of the marriage of the Duke of York. It will be in Scotland, near the one she erected in remembrance of the wedding of the marriage of the Prince of Wales.

There are 110 women lawyers in the United States, and eight of this number have earned the right to practice before the Supreme Court. To acquire this it is necessary to have practiced for three years at the bar, without a flaw in that career.

Lady Tryon has declined to accept the pension of £600 a year to which she is entitled. She had intended to place it at the disposal of the trustees of the Victoria fund, but as the sum collected for that purpose was ample, she has simply declined the pension.

Empress Elizabeth, of Austria, lately built, at an enormous cost, a magnificent marble villa at Corfu and christened it "Achilleion." Her majesty has made the following codicil to her will: "I wish to be interred at Corfu, near the river, so that the waves can continually break on my tomb."

ACROSS THE BIG WATER.

At Dauphine, France, an ancient tomb has been unearthed, which contained a human skeleton 25 1-2 feet long.

A return of persons who voted as illiterates at the last general election in England was recently issued. This shows that the number of ignorant electors in England and Wales was 46,109; in Scotland, 4,577, and in Ireland, 84,919.

For some years the Countess of Carlisle has invited about 2,000 children from the slums of Leeds to spend a fortnight's holiday in farm houses and cottages in Cumberland. The cost comes from her own purse, or from her personal friends.

Some one seems to have told the Sultan that chlorate of potash is a dangerous explosive. Consequently no druggist or pharmacist in Constantinople is allowed to possess or sell it. The grand master of artillery alone is allowed to have it in keeping.

Among the Siamese the curious custom obtains of reversing the elbow joint of the left arm as a sign of superiority. The children of both sexes are trained to reverse the elbow in this graceless and painful position at an early age, if their parents are persons of high grade.

The most powerful lighthouse in the world is generally believed to be at the Cape de la Heve, less than three miles from Havre, and marks the northern entrance of the estuary of the Seine. Its illuminating power is equal to 20,000,000 candles, and its light is visible at a distance of 230 kilometres in clear weather, 94 kilometres in average weather, and 37 kilometres in foggy weather.

Prince Eitel Frederick, the second son of the Emperor of Germany, celebrated the tenth anniversary of his birth a few days ago, and according to the custom in the Prussian royal house, was made lieutenant in the First regiment of Foot Guards. He is now the youngest officer in the German army. Prince Eitel attended the commissioning of the prince, who followed his company past his father with great dignity. Later he was presented to all the officers of the regiment. The young man is now entitled to wear the ribbon of the Order of the Black Eagle.

NOTES ON EDUCATION.

This country has 52 law schools, with 245 teachers and 3,000 students.

The first academy for the deaf and dumb was opened in Edinburgh in 1773.

The United States has 115 medical schools, regular, eclectic and homoeopathic.

The great school of Harrow, in England, was founded by John Lyon, in 1571.

Italy in 1887 had 70,507 schools, 58,000 teachers and 1,840,000 attendance.

Spain in 1885 had 21,880 schools, 30,000 teachers and 1,845,000 attendance.

Great Britain has eleven universities, with 344 professors and 13,400 students.

Education among the Hindoos has always been in the hands of the Brahmins.

France had, in 1887, 83,945 schools, 130,800 teachers and 6,308,000 scholars.

Germany has 21 universities, with 1,920 professors and 28,700 students.

The first medical school in the United States was founded in Philadelphia in 1764.

The National Educational association in the United States was formed in 1860.

Geography as a science was introduced into Europe by the Moors about 1240.

The children of dissenters were first admitted to English parish schools in 1863.

Great Britain had in 1888 20,522 schools, 85,000 teachers and 4,695,000 pupils.

IN LABOR'S FIELD.

Gompers has a bicycle.

Yonkers brassworkers struck.

Lowell spinners expect no cut.

Pittsburg K. of L. is booming.

Chicago liquor license costs $500.

Newburg tinsmiths have organized.

Pittsburg is to have a labor temple.

Indianapolis has eighty-seven unions.

Lowell stores close on Friday evening.

Union cigarmakers have a $500,000 defense fund.

Some Providence lamplighters get $21 a week.

A Nashville cooper is an aldermanic candidate.

Kittanning (Pa.) pottery workers lost a strike.

California is to hold an anti-Chinese convention.

Manchester, N. H., has no building inspector.

Washington farmers run co-operative elevators.

Chicago socialists have nominated a county ticket.

Boston cigarmakers have decided not to cut wages.

Kensington (Philadelphia) mill hands are in sore need.

Manchester (N. H.) is to have a "Mechanics' week."

Hop pickers at Cherry Valley took possession of a train.

Pittsburg coal operators will form a trust to maintain prices.

At New Haven twenty-eight bodies will form a central union.

Some Pittsburg finishers have had their wages cut 10 per cent.

Hoe pressmen have returned to

Publishers' Desk.

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers to The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons, and forks, made of a composition known as nickel silver. This is an alloy of nickel and other metals, which it is very difficult to tell from real silver, as it has the same color, and is susceptible of a high polish. This alloy is "inferior in beauty only to silver itself," the encyclopedia says. The metal is too hard to stamp with a pattern, and hence this tableware is made in the smooth-tipped pattern; but it can easily be engraved.

This table ware so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived, and not only all the first-class hotels but many private families are discarding plated ware and substituting this. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and if it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver; the smooth pattern requires absolute perfection in the casting, which is not necessary where the stamp will hide the minute pinholes. But there is such a saving on postage that it costs no more than the heavier stamped patterns of the German silver spoons. When properly engraved with monogram or initial it would delude the elect lady.

The advantage of solid metal tableware lies in the fact that it can be used constantly everywhere, and in the roughest manner, scoured with sand or polished with chalk, and there is nothing to wear off or wear out.

To the housewife who must watch her plated-ware carefully, who worries over servants' rough treatment, and who looks daily with anxiety to see if it is wearing off, to have "silver" that can be thrown into the sink or into the dish pans, washed with dishes or pots and kettles and polished with Sapolio or soap is to be relieved of a large load of anxiety and a lot of work.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1.25
1-2 dozen teaspoons	.80
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2.35
1-2 dozen tablespoons or forks	1.35
1 dozen desert spoons or forks	2.00
1-2 dozen dessert spoons or forks	1.15

These are made only in the one pattern. They are not sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers, which are based upon the price of 1,000 gross. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

WANT A WATCH?

Then Here is Your Golden Opportunity.

Do you want a watch? If you do, you want a good one. In these days of excellent watches you cannot afford to carry a poor one. The Elgin and Waltham watches represent the perfection of mechanical skill and artistic beauty. They are recognized the world over as the finest timepieces that have yet been devised. These are the watches that we offer to you. And we offer them at prices that will please you if you know what you want to pay for such a watch, and will please you still more if you will compare them with the exorbitant prices that are asked for watches of not half the intrinsic value. A Waltham or an Elgin watch is the same the world over.

When a purchaser receives a watch he may submit it to an expert, and if at the end of three days he is satisfied that the watch is not up to the guarantee he should at once return it to this office, when his money will be refunded in full. No watches can be sent C. O. D., and no samples can be sent. Every watch is guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham or Elgin factories, whichever the purchaser may select. These offers may not continue long, and on this account subscribers should order promptly.

Below will be found descriptions and prices of a few Waltham and Elgin watches from the many styles made at these factories, which represent the greatest value for the money:

Offer No. 1—The Toledo Blade Special.

GOLD WATCH, MEN'S SIZE, $16.75.

The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in everything except price. At last this has been accomplished, and the result is the most beautiful watch ever made. This watch is for people who wish to carry a "this model" watch. We mean that it does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid gold, 14 kt. fine, so Edick thinks that they will last twenty years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck. This feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joints, thumb-piece, and all parts subjected to constant wear, are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain a regulator so plain that a child can work it, seven valuable jewels, compensating expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to Blade subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of either Open Face or Hunting Case, delivered, $16.75.

NO. 1 1-2—BLADE EXTRA.

Gold Watch, Men's Size, $14.50.

For a short time we will sell No. 1½ for $14.50. It is the same as No. 1 in looks. The case is guaranteed to be gold-filled and good for 15 years' wear. We will send it to any Blade subscriber in hunting case only, including free delivery, for $14.50.

Offer No. 2—Men's Size.

GOLD WATCH, $14.35.

No. 2 is a men's size Waltham or Elgin gold-filled hunting-case watch, stem wind and set; the works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, and all improvements. It is an accurate timepiece, which looks just like a $100 solid gold watch. The case is guaranteed to wear 15 years. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch for $38. Our price by registered mail, delivery prepaid and guaranteed, is only $14.35.

Offer No. 3—Men's Size.

OPEN-FACE GOLD WATCH—$12.

Number 3 is a magnificent gold filled open face watch, with Waltham or Elgin works. In the works are seven jewels and all improvements, including expansion balance, plain regulator, etc. Purchasers can easily get $35 for this watch in cash or exchange. The manufacturers guarantee the case to wear 15 years just like solid gold. Price, by registered mail, $12.

All watches offered are stem-winders and setters.

Offer No. 4—Men's Size.

WALTHAM OR ELGIN—$5.50.

No. 4 is a men's size Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strains. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 5—Lady's Size.

SOLID GOLD WATCH—$22.50.

No. 5 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14 k. gold, U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder and setter, and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair spring. We will send this elegant time-piece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for $22.50.

Offer No. 6—Lady's Size.

GOLD WATCH—$13.25.

No. 6 is a seven-jeweled lady's watch, in an engraved hunting case, either Waltham or Elgin movement, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.25. In ordering BE SURE to state the number of the offer, say whether you want Elgin or Waltham, and give the price, that we may understand clearly what you want.

If you are not a subscriber to The Blade, add one dollar to prices above stated when you order, and we will enter you on our subscription list for one year. Address,

"THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

WATCH CHAINS.

In appearance, there is no difference between a rolled gold chain worth $10, and a solid gold chain worth $100; and really there is no difference after half a lifetime's wear. But you must buy chains from reliable people. So many of our watch buyers desire us to supply them with chains, that we have at last arranged to supply gold filled chains, which for many years' wear are fully equal to solid gold, upon the following terms. These chains are all guaranteed by the manufacturer to wear five years, if properly used. The prices below include free safe delivery:

No. 1—Men's rolled gold filled "trace" chain	$1 00
No. 2—Men's heavy rolled gold filled "cable" chain	1 50
No. 3—Men's stylish chain, rolled gold filled, long and short links combined	4 50
No. 4—Men's seamless gold filled "rope" chain	4 75
No. 5—Lady's Victoria watch chain and charm, extra rolled gold plated	1 25
No. 6—Lady's Victoria watch chain and charm, extra rolled gold plated	1 35
No. 7—Lady's Victoria watch chain and charm, solid gold	4 00
No. 8—Lady's solid 14k gold Victoria watch chain and charm, usual retail price $12; our price	8 60

We deliver these chains free by mail to any subscriber of The Blade on receipt of the above prices. The higher-priced filled chains are guaranteed to wear 20 years. The solid gold chains will of course wear forever. Address all orders and remittances to "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

There is nothing which so adds to a home as nice pictures upon its walls. The Blade has sold tens of thousands of pictures—copies of the most celebrated paintings in the world. Only one person can own the original, but everybody can have a good copy at a very low price. Most of these pictures are done in high colors, in close imitation of the original painting. One or two of them are photographic etchings, and very artistic. Sizes of these pictures either 17x24 or 21x28. We now offer the following:

1. The Roman Chariot Race.
2. The Retreat From Moscow.
3. Christ Leaving the Praetorium.
4. Napoleon at Friedland.
5. Christ Before Pilate.
6. The Grand Canal of Venice.
7. The Horse Fair.
8. Columbus at the Court of Spain
9. The Landing of Columbus.
10. Theory of Columbus Rejected in the Council of Salamanca.
11. Christ Walking on the Sea of Galilee.
12. The Russian Wedding Feast.
13. Home From the First Voyage.
14. The First Love Letter.

Any one of the above pictures will be sent by mail, postpaid, inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, for 25 CENTS.

Or, we will send any five of them you may choose for ONE DOLLAR.

Address all orders: THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

SOME MODERN PHILOSOPHY.

Flattery is like cologne water—to be smelt of, not swallowed.

"Love at first sight" is the greatest labor-saving discovery known to society.

The man who hasn't a well-balanced head usually parts his hair in the middle.

All things should be true to nature—a hornet that can't sting is a melancholy failure.

Half the troubles of life can be traced to saying "yes" too quick, and not saying "no" quick enough.

Success doesn't depend upon never making a blunder, but upon never making the blunder a second time.

Any man who can swap horses and catch fish and not lie about it is just about as pious as men get in this world.

Most Inconsiderate.

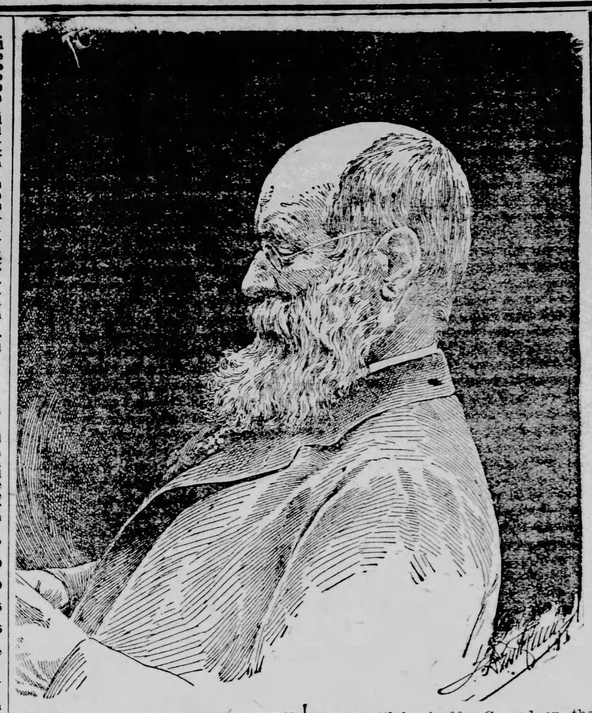
"George, father has failed."

"That's just like him! I told you all along, darling, that he was going to do all he could to keep us from marrying."—Life.

How Those Girls Love One Another.

Mildred Bangs—"Do I look well in a veil?"

Vinnie Garr—"Yes, in a thick one."—Truth.



AT SEVENTY-FOUR THE SUN'S EDITOR IS FRESH AS A DAISY.

Paul Dana's Snapshot—His Father Didn't Want to Be Photographed—Too Quick for Him.

New York, Oct. 4.—One recent day in summer when Charles Anderson Dana, the New York Sun's brilliant editor, sat beneath a spreading maple which flourishes at his villa on West Island in Long Island Sound and read with curious delight a quaint and curious volume of Icelandic lore, his son, Paul Dana, took a snapshot at him with a photographic camera. The negative was developed and from it was printed the likeness of the distinguished bibliotheque and journalist which ornaments to-day's issue of The Blade. The first print was as accurate as if it had been struck from steel; and the artistic excellence of the work appealed so strongly to Mr. Dana that for once in his life he withdrew his inveterate objection to being photographed. The younger Dana—who knows his father better than any one else knows him—caught the features of his sire in what the photographers would call an effective pose. Paul Dana is himself an enthusiastic amateur photographer, and in this particular snapshot affection supplemented skill. The picture shows Mr. Dana at a moment when his eyes are fixed upon a perplexing subject and his analytical faculty exercised to the utmost. A better notion of the character of the face is given here than in any other photograph or painting.

As the dean of American journalists Mr. Dana is a notable and fascinating figure. About fifty years' experience as manager, writer, correspondent and editor he follows his vocation with the zest of a newly appointed Sun reporter who has a reputation to make. Seventy-four years old, he looks not a day over 60. The cartoonists—with whom Mr. Dana has been for three decades a regular leading article—usually represent him as short, stout and round shouldered. As a matter of fact he is nearly six feet tall, of excellent figure and strikingly erect despite a half-century of desk work. His nose is a feature; his foretop is bald; a huge gray mustache sweeps down over his mouth, hiding finely cut lips and a massy lower jaw, his dark eyes, beneath shaggy brows, gleam with perpetual fire—the slow, less sentinels of a great mind. He looks an athlete. He is one. Those long muscular hands tell of a physical grip as tenacious and unyielding as his intellectual grasp of the facts of history and the laws of thought. The man's whole personnel proclaims mental and physical agility and force.

Mr. Dana is probably the youngest man of his age in the land. This fact he attributes to a profound faith in the wholesomeness of hard work and a spare diet, and the recreative properties of novels, billiards, mushroom culture, landscape gardening and bric-a-brac. Incidentally he enjoys the opera, a base ball game or a sparring match. According to his own computation, a man should not lose vigor until he is 90. Carved on the mantel above the open fireplace of his country house at Glen Cove are the words which are the motto of his life and the secret of his sempiternal freshness—"Not meat, but cheerfulness, makes the feast." Here at Dosoris—whose 40 island acres he has turned into a pleasure garden, a home of dogs and doves and donkeys, a bed of begonias, geraniums and orchids—he spends the summer months, like that other gray-haired youth, the octogenarian Gladstone, at Hawarden, making a joke of time.

To Charles A. Dana is due the existence in this country of a new liberal profession—the profession of journalism. The enormous amount of work which he did when he first went to Mr. Greeley's aid was remunerated with a salary of $20 a week. In those days a stipend that would secure board and lodging was enough for the wretched newspaper hack. Greeley thought so—at all events, he paid his assistants as if he thought so. Young Dana suffered and waited. He soon saw clearly that if journalism were ever to attract to its ranks any considerable number of men of talent the reward of it must be greater. He determined to do what he could to alter the system, to increase the value of journalistic prizes, and to lift the "plain livers and high thinkers" out of rags and contumely into the dignity of a liberal profession. He began to put his theories to a practical test when he became the managing editor of the Chicago Republican, which was merged subsequently into the Inter-Ocean. The Republican collapsed, from causes over which Dana had no control. And yet one of the charges brought against his management was that he paid his staff too much. Nothing daunted, he organized the Sun and paid salaries higher still. In a year or two the aggregate salaries of the "young men of the Sun" were equal to the aggregate salaries of the staffs of the Tribune, Times and Herald combined. Nothing remained for the managers of rival papers but to follow suit; and to-day the New York newspaperman gets the hire of which Dana was worthy. For this achievement alone Mr. Dana deserves a monument.

Mr. Dana's favorite companion and right-hand man is his son. During the trips of his father abroad Paul Dana continues the management of the Sun in complete harmony with paternal methods, and the reading public is not aware of the relief. comings of the chief of staff. Dana fils is about thirty-five, able, active, athletic. He is not merely a chip of the old block. He is a second edition of the elder Dana. The two men bear a close resemblance physically and mentally. Paul is a fine type of the hard-working and brainy New York journalist. He takes upon his shoulders much of the editorial burden formerly borne by his father. He is a slashing writer when the occasion demands or the humor seizes him. He has not paid the usual penalty of sonship to greatness. He is a pungent and pervasive personality on gent and pervasive personality on his own account. Editor Dana's other children are daughters. Two married physicians—Dr. William Draper and Dr. J. W. Brannan. The third, Mrs. Underhill, is a widow.

NOTED AND NOTORIOUS WILLIAM PINKERTON.

William A. Pinkerton, principal of the western division of the Pinkerton National Detective Agency, and one of the most famous detectives of the day, was born in Dundee, Kane county, Illinois, 46 years ago. He came to Chicago in 1850 with his father, the great Allan Pinkerton, and has lived in this city ever since. When the war of the rebellion broke out "Billy" was going to school at Notre Dame, Indiana. He left school to join the secret service division of the army, which was under the control of his father. He served through the first three years of the war in the Army of thePotomac under Gens. McClellan, Burnside, Hooker and Meade. The latter part of the war he was in the Army of the West. Returning to Chicago at the close of the war, he studied at a commercial college, after which he entered the employ of his father as a clerk in the National Detective Agency. Later on he became an operative, rising subsequently, after hard service, to the rank of assistant superintendent, general superintendent and principal of the office. On the death of Allan Pinkerton, in 1884, the agency business fell to William A. and Robert A. Pinkerton, as joint partners. The former has the Western territory and the latter the Eastern, with headquarters in New York. They have branch offices in a dozen important cities. The whole agency under the two brothers employs about 1,000 paid help and aims to cover the United States, as well as keeping in touch with the population centers of Europe, by salaried correspondents. Mr. Pinkerton is married, and lives in a pleasant home at 196 Ashland avenue. His family consists of Mrs. Pinkerton, and two grown daughters, one of whom is the wife of William C. Pullman, of palace car fame. During his active work in the field, extending over a period of fifteen years, W. A. Pinkerton was engaged upon many of the most sensational cases in the criminal history of the country. There are few detectives in the world who have uncovered more crime or brought more noted criminals to justice than "Billy" Pinkerton. He is a past grand master in the art of unraveling criminal intrigue. His exploits prove him to be a man of rare personal bravery and his remarkable success in his present position marks him as the possessor of administrative and executive ability of a high order. Mr. Pinkerton stands six feet in his stockings, is dark complexioned and of stout build.

—Write for a FREE copy of our Beautifully Illustrated Marriage Journal, containing photo-engravings of handsome, wealthy lady advertisers. BROWN PUBLISHING CO., Box 502, Toledo, O.

The Sunday School.

Christian Living.

LESSON IV., OCTOBER 22, 1893.

Golden Text: Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.—Rom. 12:21.

LESSON TEXT.

(Rom. 12:1-15.)

1. I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.

2. And be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God.

3. For I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith.

4. For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office:

5. So we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one or another.

6. Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith;

7. Or ministry, let us wait on our ministering; or he that teacheth, on teaching;

8. Or he that exhorteth, on exhortation: he that giveth, let him do it with simplicity; he that ruleth, with diligence; he that sheweth mercy, with cheerfulness.

9. Let love be without dissimulation. Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good.

10. Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another;

11. Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord;

12. Rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer;

13. Distributing to the necessity of saints; given to hospitality.

14. Bless them which persecute you: bless, and curse not.

15. Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.

Illustrative Applications.

Therefore (v. 1). Wherefore? Because of God's love, and because of salvation through Christ. A son who realizes that he has a loving father, who has done a great deal for him, and who is interested in his well-doing, feels that "therefore" he ought to be a well-doer. A soldier who realizes that he has the honor of his country in his keeping as a soldier, feels that "therefore" he ought to be firm and true in his duty-doing. A Christian who believes that God's love gave to him the possibility of salvation in Christ, feels that "therefore" he ought to live a life worthy of a redeemed soul.

Present your bodies a living sacrifice. Our bodies, including what is in them, are the chief thing for which we are responsible in the universe as it is. God, who loves us, privileges us to use our bodies as we please, and to show thereby what we think of, and how we feel toward him. We can honor him, or we can dishonor him, by the use of our bodies. If we present our bodies to him as a living offering, in gratitude and trust, we honor him thereby, and he approves our course accordingly. If we defile our bodies, or use them for ourselves alone, we dishonor him to whom we properly belong. If, indeed, our bodies are worthy to be the dwelling-place of our spirits and of the Spirit of God, our treatment of our bodies ought to be reverently consistent with the value of its indwellers.

We, who are many, are one body in Christ, and severally members one of another (v. 5). If we knew that we were to appear in Christ's presence, we should feel a pressure on us to be reverent, and to bear ourselves becomingly in his presence. If we were to have a glimpse of his hands, or of his feet, which were tortured for us, we should feel a peculiar nearness to him, and should count ourselves honored by his nearness. Yet every one of Christ's earthly followers is as truly a member of Christ's own body as one of his nail-pierced hands or feet; and at the same time that member of Christ is a fellow-member of our own body. A slighting of one of Christ's dear ones is a slighting of Christ himself. To minister lovingly to one of our fellow-members in Christ's body, is to minister lovingly to Christ himself. Here this uplifts and sanctifies our intercourse with those who are Christ's, in all the activities of our daily life!

Let us give ourselves to our ministry (v. 7). This is a polite way of saying, Let every man mind his own business. Every man in Christ's service has his special business, and it is a business for which, as God sees it, he is better fitted to attend to than any other business. Therefore he is to mind his business, as his best way of helping others in their business. Yet minding one's own business, in the Christian life, is not so popular or attractive a mission as minding other people's business, or as criticising their way of attending to their business. It is a timely suggestion, this of Paul's to Christian workers generally, "Let us give ourselves to our ministry."

Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good (v. 9). There are some forms of evil which it is natural and easy for a decent man to abhor. Cannibalism, for example, is not an attractive custom for the average American citizen. But this injunction of Paul's includes more than forms of abhorrent evil. It says practically, When lying or deception seems likely to be productive of large gain, and truth-telling seems likely to cost you your life, abhor lying because it is evil, and cleave to truth because it is good. And so again, in the every-day issues which we have to face, where that which is evil promises great gain, and that which is good calls to sacrifice and suffering, the command is to abhor that which is evil, even though it seems profitable, and to cleave to that which is good, even though it threatens your ruin.

Rejoice with them that rejoice; weep with them that weep (v. 15). Sympathy with others is a plain Christian duty, whether one feels like it or not. And sympathy is as truly a duty in time of rejoicing as in time of weeping. Now and then we feel like showing an interest in the affairs of our friends and neighbors, when they are sad or when they are glad; but we do not, as a rule, feel that it is incumbent on us in our daily life to share in the joys and in the sorrows of those who are about us. But the Bible deems this matter worth calling attention to. This is a ministry of good to which all of Christ's followers are called, and in which all can gain skill by experience, and in the exercise of a loving spirit and of prayerful effort. It is not a thing of special occasions merely, but it is a matter of constant importance to all. We ought to include our fellows in our daily thoughts, and minister to them in hearty sympathy as we have opportunity.—H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.

—To cure nervousness your nerves must be fed by pure blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure blood. Take it now.

A DRY LEAF.

Wrenched from thy stem, Dry Leaf Forlorn,
Where goest thou? "I can not say:
From off oak, storm-tost, I was torn—
Our oak, my only prop and stay.
Since then, with wayward breath, the gale,
Whether it blew from North or West,
From Wood to Field, from Hill to Vale,
Hurries me on and gives no rest.
No rest, no pause, no peace; but still,
Though whirled along at the Wind's will,
I feel no fear, I raise no quarrel
Bound for that home where each thing does—
The Leaf that floats from off the Rose,
And the Leaf falling from the Laurel!"
—Sir F. H. Doyle.

Novel Cane Lamp.

A German inventor has produced an electric cane lamp. The handle of the cane contains an incandescent lamp, the two poles of which are connected with the plates of a battery. Below this is a small chamber to carry the battery fluid. When it is desired to use the lamp the cap is taken off and the cane inclined so that the liquid it contains comes in contact with the electrodes. A current is thus produced that will, it is asserted, keep the light going for an hour.

That's What.

"What does Brown want to be a consul for?"

"Five thousand a year."—Atlanta Constitution.

Good Practice.

A correspondent asks: How can I get a copious flow of language? Try stepping on a tack.—Siftings.

OCTOBER JINGLES.

A Rash Experiment.

There was a young man from St. Joe,
Who thought a chin beard he would groe;
Some pomatum he tried,
Read the label and cried:
"I'll be taken for Peffer, I knoe!"
—Kansas Jity Journal.

What the Oyster Wants to Know.

"I wonder," quoth the oyster,
"If people long for me?"
He wasn't satisfied until
He'd gone from sea to see.
—Detroit Tribune.

O Won't There Be?

O won't there be a reckonin' when the Congressmen come home—
When the Congressmen come home, come home!
O it's goin' to surprise 'em
When the people enforce 'em—
When the Congressmen come home, come home!
—Atlanta Constitution.

Sing Low.

If you sing a song of sixpence,
Pray rush the verses through,
For if any one o'erhears it
They'll borrow it of you.
—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

NEW GERMAN AMBASSADOR.

Baron Saurma-Jeltsch, One of the Diplomatic Corps at Washington.

Baron Antoine Saurma-Jeltsch, the new German ambassador, is one of the most imposing figures in the diplomatic corps, and is a worthy successor to the late Count Arco Valley, who represented the German Empire at Washington for several years. Count Arco was a man of commanding presence, but the baron is of even greater stature, while his somewhat haughty bearing is relieved by the

BARON VON SAURMA-JELTSCH.

courtly address of a man who spent more than a quarter of a century in high official position in the capitals of Europe. The baron is a member of one of the oldest families of North Germany. He was educated in the leading German universities and in the polytechnic schools of France, and entered the diplomatic service of his country while a very young man. He was rapidly promoted from one post to another, serving in his time at nearly all the important courts of Europe. He has been fortunate in enjoying the full confidence not only of his sovereigns but of all the prime ministers and the important officials of the German foreign office. His relations with Prince Bismarck were especially cordial. For 18 years Baron Saurma-Jeltsch has been in active service, and he is now the senior ambassador of the imperial staff. His detail at Washington is, however, in the nature of a promotion, for since Congress provided that ambassadors might be accredited by this government to foreign courts of the United States has been advanced in the diplomatic rating of European countries to the grade of a first-class mission. The American mission is, therefore, not only one of the most important by reason of the interests involved, but is technically in the very front rank. The new ambassador is a man of family. The baroness is a highly accomplished lady, who has been an extremely popular member of official society at every capital at which her husband has been accredited. She has not yet arrived in Washington, and probably will not join the baron until after the holidays.

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A New Book for Blade Subscribers

THE "NASBY LETTERS"

For months past the Toledo Blade has been preparing a surprise for its readers in the form of a new book publication.

Since the death of Mr. D. R. Locke, five years ago there has been a demand from all parts of the United States for a reprint of the "Nasby Letters," in book form, suitable for preservation. But few of these letters have ever been embodied in volumes, and those were the earlier numbers, written 25 or more years ago.

At a very great expense of time and money, we have collected all of the Nasby Letters ever written. This has been a huge task, as copies of these letters were never preserved except in files of the Toledo Blade, in whose columns they were published.

From them we have eliminated such letters as pertained to local or unimportant and forgotten topics—publishing, however, every number which is of interest to the general public. The entire collection makes one large volume of over 500 pages.

This volume will therefore give practically all of the "Nasby Letters" ever written and published in the Toledo Blade during the entire period from Mr. Locke's first connection with the paper until his death. It will be set in plain, readable type, giving, however, a large amount of matter on each page, and will contain between 500 and 600 pages. There will be matter enough in this book for a thousand pages, were it set in the ordinary type, like that used in "Nasby in Exile" but, owing to the immense amount in these letters, we have endeavored to make it very compact, and still have it in easily readable form.

As stated before this is the first and only publication of the bulk of the Nasby Letters in book form. As this matter is all copyrighted, it never can be published by any one else.

Why This Book is Published.

Notwithstanding the enormous demand for this publication from all parts of the Union, from those who are not subscribers to the Weekly Blade as well as from those who are, we wish it distinctly understood that we are not publishing this book for sale or profit. We have determined never to sell a copy for cash, and never to any one, except in connection with the Weekly Blade.

The readers of Toledo Blade are those who will best appreciate the volume, and we believe every one of them will want a copy. We are therefore determined to present one copy of this book to each and every subscriber to the Toledo Weekly Blade.

The Blade has at present over 160,000 subscribers. A small percentage, however, is not on our regular yearly list, but we estimate that there are even 125,000 people in the United States who are our regular subscribers year after year. We are quite sure that every one of these subscribers will want a copy of the "Nasby Letters." Then we estimate that 25,000 more will join The Blade's ranks in order to get the chance of obtaining a copy. Therefore we are making preparations to give away 150,000 copies.

Now, this book, if we were to retail it, could not be sold for less than one dollar, including payment of postage. The cost of setting it in type, making the stereotype plates, and otherwise getting it ready for the press, is quite a large sum; and we are sure that within one year from this announcement the entire cost of presenting these books to our subscribers will be, in cash, fully $150,000.

Few people can realize the magnitude of this task. Owing to the rapidity with which we shall have to mail these books to our subscribers, commencing in September, we shall be obliged to deviate somewhat from our usual plan of receiving orders.

Here is Our Plan of Distribution.

First—The book will be presented to YEARLY subscribers to the Toledo Weekly Blade only. Every subscriber, on renewing his subscription, who sends us ONE DOLLAR, will have his subscription extended ONE YEAR, and he will have a copy of the "Nasby Letters" sent him by mail, postage paid.

Unlike all of our former premium offers in connection with the Weekly Blade, we do not wish our subscribers to remit a long time in advance of the expiration of their present subscriptions. We want to take care of each month by itself. For it is simply impossible to do otherwise.

In September, we shall send to every person whose time expires in October, a postal card, which card, if returned with one dollar for their renewal, will be a due-bill for a free copy of the book, the "Nasby Letters."

Owing to the large number of names whose terms will expire each month, we shall be able to take care of any other orders excepting a renewal of the subscriptions expiring that month. Of course, new subscribers may come in at any time; but we prefer that those whose time expires in later months should hold back their orders until their proper month comes around.

Then, again, it is very important that each subscriber shall take advantage of the full time, and send in his renewal at the proper time—not getting the idea that he can be taken care of later.

These postal card due-bills will be sent out during the month previous, and renewals and postal-card due-bills received any time after receiving the due-bill; but we would be glad to have all wait until your subscription has expired, or until the month following. Please do not send before that time.

As fast as the expiration occurs has gone by, one month later we will have all we can do to take care of that month's orders, without taking care of orders belonging to the previous month.

The "Nasby Letters."

Do not confuse this title with the book, "Nasby in Exile," which we have been giving our subscribers for the past two months. "Nasby in Exile" is practically out of print. During that time we are giving the few remaining copies as premiums to such readers. After these are gone, no more will be printed.

The "Nasby Letters" is a NEW book, printed from our own plates, and the first edition will be ready in September—just what time we want to send in their orders for renewal during August and September, and have their time extended at once on the Weekly Blade for one year. The books will be mailed just as soon as they are ready; and we shall take care to see that they are mailed in the same order as they are received. Therefore, the earliest September renewals will get the first books.

Some of the Contents:

There will be hundreds of the Nasby letters contained in this volume, embracing everything of importance in that line ever written by "Petroleum V. Nasby." Here are some of the features of the book, but only a few among the vast number:

How the Nasby Letters Came to be Written.
The First Nasby Letter.
Mr. Nasby Starts a Church.
A Confession of Faith.
Interview with President Lincoln.
The Wise Old Hat.
The Discontented Peasant.
His Change of Base to Kentucky.
A Kentucky Tea Party.
The Famous Series of Letters on President Johnson's "Swinging Round the Circle," upon which tour Mr. Nasby attended him as his confidential adviser.
His Trip With the President to Raleigh.
The Amnesty Proclamation.
The Pendleton Greenback Theory in Kentucky.
Mr. Nasby Loses His Postoffice.
"Cussid be Canaan!" A Lecture Delivered at Music Hall, Boston, December 21, 1867.
"Nasby as a Banker." The noted series of letters on the Greenback Theory.
Mr. Nasby's Sojourn in New York. A series of Letters written from the Sixth Ward of that City.
Mr. Nasby's Return to the Corners.
The Question of Taxes at the Corners.
The "Women's Crusade" at the Corners—A series of letterg written during the famous temperance movement.
The Series of Letters during the famous Electoral Commission.
"Silver at the Corners"—a series of letters written during the time the Bland bill was before Congress, and quite applicable to the present time.
With hundreds of others equally interesting, and ending with the last "Nasby Letter" ever written.

Tell All Your Friends.

Will our subscribers please tell their friends of this offer? We feel quite certain that this announcement will obtain a large number of subscribers to the Weekly Blade from all parts of the country. Thousands of non-subscribers will willingly send $1 for The Blade a year, in order to get the book. After reading The Blade a year they become permanent subscribers. We ask as a favor that every present subscriber shall show this announcement to at least one friend or neighbor who does not take the Weekly Blade. Will you kindly do this much for us? And we assure that within one year from this announcement the entire cost of presenting these books to our subscribers will be, in cash, fully $150,000.

No matter when your subscription expires, you will not be disappointed. Be sure to get one of these "Nasby Letters." We shall not send until a week or two before your subscription expires, but until you receive a postal card due-bill. We shall try to take care of each month's expirations in order; but it would be simply impossible to take care of orders from our subscribers at random. Therefore do not order until just before your time expires.

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The Household

Miss Emy Bouton, Editor.

HOME IS THE KINGDOM AND LOVE IS THE KING.

THE WATER LILIES.

The Master stood in His garden
Among the lilies fair,
Which His own right hand had planted,
And trained with tenderest care.

He looked at their snowy blossoms,
And marked with observant eye,
That His flowers were sadly drooping,
For their leaves were parched and dry.

"My lilies need to be watered,"
The Heavenly Master said,
"Wherein shall I draw it for them
And raise each drooping head?"

Close to His feet on the pathway,
Empty, and frail, and small,
An earthen vessel was lying,
Which seemed of no use at all.

But the Master saw and raised it
From the dust in which it lay,
And smiled, as He gently whispered,
"This shall do my work to-day.

"It is but an earthen vessel,
But it lay so close to me,
It is small, but it is empty,
That is all it needs to be."

So to the fountain He took it
And filled it full to the brim;
How glad was that earthen vessel
To be of some use to Him!

He poured forth the living water,
Over His lilies fair;
Until the vessel was empty
And again He filled it there.

He watered the drooping lilies
Until they revived again;
And the Master saw with pleasure,
That His work had not been in vain.

His own hand had drawn the water,
Which refreshed the thirsty flowers;
But He used the earthen vessel
To convey the living showers.

And to itself it whispered,
As He laid it aside once more:
"Still will I lie in His pathway,
Just where I did before.

Close would I keep to the Master,
Empty would I remain;
And perhaps some day He may need me
To water His flowers again."

—Communicated.

HOME TALKS.

WHAT SOCIAL SETTLEMENTS DO FOR HUMANITY.

Toynbee Hall and the Bow Club in England—Hull House and Other Settlements Here.

What are social settlements, and what good can they accomplish?

This was the question asked by some one whose busy life had not permitted the following of many of the new lines of thought and action which have started into these closing years of the nineteenth century.

To me the thought embodied in social settlements is one of the most potent of levers for the betterment of humanity. It is the outward expression of a conviction of the solidarity of the human race, and that no hard and fast lines can be drawn that shall divide it into classes with widely differing interests, without injury to all. As it is to-day, whatever there is that is best and highest in social life is confined to those who have been removed from the necessity of a hand to hand struggle with poverty. To all on the other side, existence is a hard and barren fact which they must accept and endure as best they may. They have neither time nor energy for anything except to gain subsistence from day to day. Everything which might lift them out of themselves into a freer atmosphere and give them a broader thought, is at a distance and utterly beyond their reach. It is not strange that so their sense of the value of the better kind of social life is blunted and finally becomes extinct. They are shut away by conditions from all that ennobles friendly intercourse. They see only afar off people of culture, of refinement. The young of both sexes meet rarely but in dance houses. Men gather in saloons, while the women of families, the wives and mothers find the hours of the days too short to seek any enjoyment except what they find in chance meetings. What wonder that they grow dull and sodden, and that it is hard to reach them with desire of better things.

Into the thought of those great souls whose love for humanity constantly prompts them to be seeking ways and means to help it to better things came the conviction that in some way the reciprocal dependence of classes upon each other must be made apparent and put to use. Something of what is best in social life must be carried by those who have it in abundance to those who have little or nothing.

This idea once rooted grew into the form of social settlements. The first was Toynbee Hall in the East End of the great city of London, where were millions of people and not a single library; acres of an accumulation of misery without the shining of a single gleam of light to show these poor creatures that they were the same in kind as the more fortunate denizens of West London. To Toynbee Hall, planted right in the midst of this dreary place, came to live university students from Oxford and Cambridge, who hoped in this way to give these people something more than a glimpse of the possibilities of a broader and happier life. Their social instincts are ministered to, their social wants supplied without resort to the lower methods that tend to degrade and brutalize. The means are brought to them, not now and then by those who would quickly draw themselves away from further contact with the ones they would benefit, but by people who do not scorn to make their home in their midst. Toynbee Hall, with its library, its amusement hall, its lectures, its classes, its whole scheme of social life is making a wonderful change in that wilderness of woe, East London.

Of the same nature is the hall built in East London by Annie Besant, in the interest of the match girls, organized into the Bow Club. A sum of money given to Madam Blavatsky for her own use in her old age was left to Mrs Besant, and by her devoted to this purpose, and the institution is now maintained by the Theosophical society. Here the girls are afforded entertainment which is not beyond their appreciation, and yet which tends to arouse and quicken their intellect, and stimulate their moral sensibilities. It is giving food to the hungry, for though they are not always conscious what it is they crave, yet the craving is there. They are instructed, too, in what will make their lives more useful to themselves and others in a practical way.

I have been particularly interested in the story of the Hull House in Chicago. In the fall of 1889 two women established themselves in a house in that part of the city where are large foreign colonies. These have a tendency always to isolate themselves in this country. They opened the establishment upon general settlement lines with the conviction "that it would simply be a foolish and unwarrantable expenditure of force to oppose or antagonize any individual or set of people in the neighborhood; that whatever good the House had to offer should be put into positive terms; that its residents should live in opposition with no man, with recognition of the good in every man, even the meanest." The spirit of love to humanity, of true brotherhood, was to be expressed in social service, if so it may be termed, instead of any attempt at religious teaching. "There must be," wrote Jane Adams, in respect to this, "an overmastering belief that all that is noblest in life is common to men as men, in order to accentuate the likenesses and ignore the differences which are found among the people the settlement constantly brings into juxtaposition."

I should like to quote still further from this most excellent article which expresses the real spirit that is at the foundation of this work better than anything I have seen.

In New York, in Boston and in Philadelphia settlements have been established upon the same general lines, though under the auspices of an association composed of college students, and the residents are of these young people who thus devote a certain portion of their time to this work.

Of course it is at first surprising to these neighborhoods to find persons willing to live among them who have evidently had such different surroundings. Naturally there is somewhat of suspicion mingled with their reception of these residents. One man was quite sure regarding the Hull House that the "prayer meeting scrap" would come in somewhere, that it was only "a question of time." It is so hard for them to understand that the motive is to produce a better social life, and to add to their enjoyment, thus making existence mean something of more value than it has hitherto done.

This work need not necessarily be confined to settlements. There are always those everywhere who are starving for pleasure. To minister to this hunger, to amuse in a wholesome way those whose conditions prevent anything but what appeals to their lower nature, is to do what will aid in uplifting the race, for there is nothing more certain than that what helps one into a better life helps all humanity, and whatever degrades a single individual degrades the whole, so interwoven is all life together.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

HOUSEHOLD CHAT.

The great Exposition which so many of the readers of the Household have attended is soon to close, and the opportunity for seeing this "greatest show on earth" will be gone. But for those who have been there, there will remain the memory of the wonderful things they have seen, which will be a source of pleasure to them and the friends to whom they can describe them for many a month.

Those who were not so fortunate as to go to Chicago this year, can have a great deal of pleasure and information about the exhibit, by devoting their winter evenings to reading the papers which have contained such full accounts of the Exposition and which have given so many excellent illustrations of the various buildings, etc.

A friend of the Household has arranged such a delightful winter for her family that the editor thinks all of the readers should know of it, and do likewise, if possible.

Circumstances prevented this lady, or any member of her family from attending the Fair, so she purchased Chicago daily papers that had reports of all the various meetings that were held this summer; several illustrated papers and, in short, collected all of the published information regarding the Exposition that she could. This she has arranged in the form of lectures, and during the long evenings of the winter she will read, or have read to her family a portion of them, using suitable pictures to illustrate each one. She has arranged with some of her neighbors who have been to see these wonderful things, to meet with her, to add to the interest of the evenings by reminiscences that will be recalled to them by these papers. "A cyclopedia, dictionary and a reliable history of each country represented will be present at each meeting (she writes) to help us over any hard words or expressions that may occur." In this way the family and their friends who may be fortunate enough to be invited to join them, can enjoy the Columbian Exposition, sitting comfortably at their own fireside, and, while it will not be equal to seeing it, they will doubtless gain a better idea of it than they would if they had endeavored to "do the Fair in ten days," as so many have done.

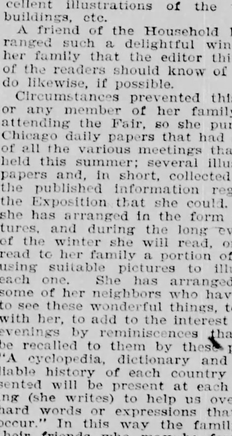
It certainly was a very bright idea for that mother to develop, and can be adapted in many other families who feel that they have been deprived of a great pleasure in not having been able to visit the "White City."

FOR HOLIDAY GIFTS,

Or to Make the Home Beautiful and Attractive.

Magazine Cover.

This beautiful cover is made of a handsome medium shade of brown satin, or white doeskin may be used. If the first is employed the shades of filo floss used for the embroidery should be of brown shading from the darkest shade to the lightest. A good deal of care will be necessary in putting in the shades to look well. For instance, should be in the two lightest shades, the darker of the two on



the outside and the lighter in the center. Make the stamens of gold thread. Have the rim of the lower part of the inkstand of the lightest shade, then work the inkstand in solid Kensington stitch shading from the darkest to the lightest. Work the owl in outline stitch, shading carefully. Use gold beads for the eyes. The crown should be worked in gold outline stitched.

Work the word Magazine in gold and the ribbon in shaded brown silk.

The Art Interchange gives another color scheme which is very pretty. Use soft dull greens for all the leaves and stamens, and old red and pink for the flower; the gold for the crown, and browns for the head and wings of the owl, with grays for the breast, all to be outlined with gold, excepting the owl. The inkstand should be of gold thread for rims and penrack, and gray and black for the bottle. The corners can be in shades of green, with the border in the same. The ribbon is in lighter shades of green, with gold outline. The effect of green on blue is especially beautiful, but the effect must be tried by laying the silks on the material before deciding. For a bridal gift, use white doeskin or moleskin, with white silk and gold thread, with the owl in gray and white, and the flower and ink bottle shaded with pearl gray.

Butter Plat Mats.

The following description of butter plate mats, taken from the Art Interchange, may be helpful to many when thinking of holiday work:

They are triangular in shape about six and one-half inches at the base, and seven inches long. At the two sides is a design of flowers and leaves, closely worked in soft greens and pinks, with the graceful stems coming to the front edges. The outside edge is cut out, following the edge of the worked design. Small spaces show between flowers, leaves and stems, making the decoration quite open, yet firmly held to the body of the mat. The design does not go across the base. This is hemstitched and fringed out; the linen lawn on which it is worked making a delicate but strong background and fringing well. The whole, when finished, makes the mat, or mats, about five and a half inches across, and six inches long. The working can be done in conventional colors entirely, or in pure white with a close stem stitch in gold silk, which would make it even stronger. Or if preferred, the mats may be the color of some special service. Another set was small and round, having a stem stitch circle worked about three-fourths of an inch up from the edge, in green silk, with tiny Dresden sprays scattered through the center. The variety of these mats was great, some being three tiny circles, two inches in diameter, worked around the edge, with the edge cut to the shape of flowers or leaves and the three joined by crochet cord worked over in buttonhole stitch as in cut.

Napkin for Hot Rolls.

Take a square of fine white linen—about 18 inches a side is large enough—and fringe the edges, or what many like better, hem and hemstitch above.

Then embroider three corners with little Dresden figures scattered thickly and on the fourth etch the words, "Hot Rolls," putting some figures around the words. Instead of the Dresden figures some larger set design may be employed.

Handkerchief Case.

Take a square of China silk, white or cream color, with small figures scattered over it. Let each side be nine or ten inches long. Round off the opposite corners, then line with satin of some shade found in the flowers. It should be a delicate hue. Put in

an interlining of crinoline, over which is a thin coating of cotton batting, sprinkled with sachet powder. Then put on a frill of fine lace about two and a half or three inches wide, and catch the two square corners. Then pass a ribbon around the outside, tying it in a bow over the fastening. This should match in color the lining. The handkerchiefs can be slipped into the openings at the side. This makes a pretty gift.

HOUSEHOLD CORRESPONDENCE.

More Nice Letters From the Household Girls.

"Peggie Clover" Has an Admirer.

In the Weekly Blade of Sept. 21 is an article by Peggie Clover entitled, "Should Support His Family," which is right to the point. She is right in saying that "no good man will ask a wife to hand over to him the money she earned before she married him."

I would like to call around and see Peggie Clover, but I am afraid she is a married lady. I would like to have somebody like her for my wife, as she is certainly a very intelligent and sensible lady. I believe in women's rights. Let the women vote, and we could, with their aid, soon "Pulverize the Rum Power" through national prohibition.—Old Bachelor.

Even if Peggie is married, "Mr. Clover" will appreciate the compliment this "Old Bachelor" pays to her good sense and intelligence.—Ed.

The Editor Certainly Will.

Will the editor please let me enter her circle of friends?

I am neither witty, wise, nor gay, but I like your page so much that I wish to be enrolled in your numbers.

Your principles and mine agree so far as I have been able to judge by your writings, and therefore you may know that I think you right, and it it be not too much to say, for a stranger, to you, I like you ever so much and intend to strive to be like you—not afraid to say what I think is right, or wrong, either.—Katie Franklin.

Suggestion by a Country Teacher.

As I live in the country and have so little opportunity for mental culture, might I not through the Household derive both benefit and enjoyment?

Thinking that a large per cent of the readers of the Household are women situated like myself, could we not help each other through the coming winter by reading some of the standard authors and commenting upon their merits and demerits?

I often look about me for a friend with whom to exchange ideas, but alas! our country women do not read our best books. Poor things, their whole time is given to baking, churning, scrubbing, chicken-raising, and the thousand and one duties of farm life, and they have no time, or think they have not, for reading.

I think, though, it is a mistake. Their inclinations are not strong enough in that direction, or they would make time. If we women would read more of good literature and then discuss it with each other, the mind would have something good to feed upon and we would not be so prone to idle gossip and silly nothings when we attempt to talk. I, for one, wish to improve. Who will help me out?

Within the last year I have been reading David Copperfield, and although written by that greatest of prose writers, Charles Dickens, I do not like it. I find it tiresome. I do not like his characters. Mrs. Copperfield is a weak, frail creature that I have no admiration for. David, with his old mannish ways, may be like an English boy of that day, but there is very little resemblance to our high-spirited, light-hearted American boys of to-day. Let me hear from some one else who has read the same, for I suppose it is my fault that I cannot appreciate it, and I desire to know how to judge an author.—A Country Teacher.

Could not this "Country Teacher" help these busy farmers' wives to the pleasure that comes from reading? Suppose she should invite them to meet some afternoon, or evening, and while they were busy with the sewing, or knitting, that they feel must be done, she should read to them from some book or paper that would interest them, and then let all discuss the subject? It would give them food for thought till the next meeting and awaken an interest in other things than their every-day duties. There is very seldom found a woman who would not enjoy and be glad to accept any opportunity of self-culture, provided she could see her way clear to accept it without neglecting her duty to her family.

But do not expect all to be interested in the same thing; vary the subjects you are to discuss to suit each one, and if one woman finds Ancient History dry and tiresome, do not let those who enjoy it make her feel, by word or look, that her mental capacity is less than theirs, but give an afternoon to reading something she will enjoy.—Ed.

OUR MERRY-GO-ROUND.

Another Who Would be a Teacher.

I have neglected my duty toward the Merry-Go-Round for so long a time I fear all the seats are taken. If so, I wish to stand on the platform near Thena and give her a word of encouragement toward becoming a teacher. I am a young teacher and have worked hard to educate myself for the position I now occupy. The secret of any accomplishment is to keep working, not thinking of the word "fail," until the end we seek for is gained. I am very much interested in the pursuits and occupations of all womankind, and shall be glad to help them in any way I can.

In answer to Thena's question I will say I do not think we ought to associate with young men who are addicted to vicious or very immoral habits. There are other habits, careless habits I call them, which if they would give up rather than to lose our associations, I believe it would not be improper for us to associate with them. Let us hear from others on this subject, and let us thoroughly discuss "The Young Man." It won't do us any harm and it may do "The Young Man" some good.

I am waiting to hear Jet Darling's description of her beau ideal.

I will try to tell Jeannette what my idea for the future is in my next letter.

Now, girls, let's wake up and shake ourselves into action and write something for the Merry-Go-Round.

I am so proud to think that we have a corner in the paper just for ourselves.—Lois Lake.

Virginia Seeks Admission.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—A Virginia stranger seeks for admittance into your charming circle. I have been interested in your writings, or letters, for some time, but had not the courage, hitherto, to ask to be one of you.

I suspect it is out of date to name your favorite fictitious character, but I have wished for so long to tell all mine that I am going to act on the principle of "Better late than never," and name her. She is Rebecca, the Jewess, in Ivanhoe. Where have we a better example of a follower of the precepts of the Christ, in whom she did not believe (according to her people's belief), than in her doing good to the Christians (?) who looked down upon her? Then just think how strong she was in her determination to do right. Oh, that modern girls would be all strong with the strength of virtue, as was Rebecca!

I like Vanity Fair, Ivanhoe, David Copperfield, The Old-Fashioned Girl, Old Curiosity Shop, The Last Days of Pompeii, John Halifax, Gentleman, and all the books by good authors, which I have read, and a great many others by not such famous writers. I like Vanity Fair because it does not represent any angelic characters, or strive to gloss over sin, so as to make it attractive. I think it seems like real life, not perfect, but doing what good it can.—Nil.

HOUSEHOLD QUESTION BOX.

Inquiries and Answers by the Members of the Family.

Is it proper to ask a minister, when he calls, to remove his overcoat?—L. L.

If he expects to make a call of any length he will remove his overcoat and leave it with his hat, in the hall, when he enters. If he has just stepped in for a very brief call, it will not be necessary to invite him to remove it, unless you particularly desire him to do so.—Ed.

Will you tell me what is meant by the words "burial private," that often follow the announcement of a funeral to which the "friends are invited?"—Country Girl.

It means that while the friends of the family are invited to attend the services at the house, or church, that none are expected to follow the remains to the cemetery without an especial invitation from the family. This custom is becoming very common, as many families object to the former one of providing carriages for a large number of people who go simply for the ride, and who have no especial interest in the matter. It also enables the immediate relatives and friends to perform the last sad duty to their dear ones who have been taken from them without the consciousness that their grief is watched and commented upon by strangers.—Ed.

Inquiries.

How can I remove dandruff from my scalp without injury to it or to hair? Does kerosene injure the hair? —Silver Bell.

Will some one please give me a good, but cheap, recipe for removing tan from my face?—Country Girl.

Can some one give me directions for making an infant's basket; what kind of basket, material, etc., to use? I want it not very expensive.—A Reader.

Will some one send us something that we can make for our men folks for Christmas presents—for both old and young?—Country Girl.

Answers.

If Edith will stretch her crape, and while stretching it hold it over the hot steam of some water, she will find that her crape has the same appearance as if she had pressed it.—Mary Hamm.

Laundress:—Tie the soap-bark in a muslin bag and let it soak for some time in the water in which the goods are to be washed, adding more warm water if needed. Wash in the usual manner, using no soap.—Laundress No. 2.

Elinor K:—"Saute" means to fry, simply that and nothing else.—Adelaide.

Helen Louise:—For the ink spot on your velvet carpet, sponge with sweet milk; afterwards with clear, warm water. If this does not remove the ink it will, at least, not injure the carpet, and you can then consult some professional carpet cleaner.—M. B. T.

Housekeeper:—Tea, coffee and fruit stains may be removed from table linen, after it has been washed, by soaking the spots in glycerine and afterwards washing in warm soapsuds.—Mary No. 2.

Housekeeper:—I have removed stain from table linen which has been washed, by rubbing them with strong borax water and hanging it in the sun till dry. Some times the process has to be repeated several times, but it always succeeds in removing the stains.—Bridget.

A CHAPTER ON SALADS.

It has come to be a generally accepted fact that a salad is a very necessary part of a dinner or luncheon. At a ceremonious dinner party the salad forms a course by itself, served with crackers or delicate biscuits. At the family dinner table it is served when the hostess pleases. A salad need not be expensive nor difficult to make and, called by some other name, is found on the tables of many families who would not think it possible to have "salad," like the dear old lady who on being complimented on the delicious salad she gave some friends at dinner, said: "Why, that wasn't salad, that was only chopped up cabbage with a cream dressing on it." She had never heard it called salad, but it was, and a most agreeable one.

Nearly all kinds of vegetables can be used as salads, either by themselves or with meat, fish or fowls. There are many kinds of dressing to be used with salads, and we give one that can be kept in a cool place for weeks, thus having it ready to prepare a salad on very short notice.

Salad Dressing, No. 1.

Beat 3 eggs; add 1 teaspoonful of salt, 1 teaspoonful of dry mustard, 8 tablespoonfuls of vinegar and 1 tablespoonful of sugar. Cook till it is like boiled custard, stirring it constantly to prevent burning and to make it smooth and creamy. Strain, and add 6 tablespoonfuls of sweet cream. The amount of cream, or sugar, cannot be given exactly as tastes differ; enough cream should be added to make the dressing of the right consistency.

Mayonnaise Dressing.

Beat the yolks of 2 eggs for 1 minute; then add 1-2 teaspoonful of salt, 1-2 teaspoonful of dry mustard and 1-4 teaspoonful of cheyenne pepper. Mix these well and add, drop by drop, 1-2 pint or more of salad oil, stirring constantly in one direction, to prevent curdling. After adding apart of the oil, alternate with a few drops of vinegar or lemon juice. More or less oil may be added according to the quantity of the dressing you wish to make. Thin it to the proper consistency with vinegar. This dressing can be made in less time, by placing the bowl in which it is mixed, in a pan of ice. If kept in a covered jar, or tumbler, it will keep good for a week.

Plain, French Dressing.

Rub 1-2 teaspoonful of salt and 1-4 teaspoonful of pepper in 3 tablespoonfuls of salad oil (added gradually) till the salt is all dissolved; then stir in carefully, 1 tablespoonful of vinegar. This must be used at once.

Cabbage Salad.

Chop 1-2 of a firm, white head of cabbage very fine; stir 1-2 cupful of vinegar into the beaten yolks of 2 eggs; 1 teaspoonful each of salt and mustard; 1-4 teaspoonful of pepper, and cook till it thickens. When cool, add 2 tablespoonfuls of sweet cream. Pour over the cabbage and serve.

Chicken Salad.

Cook a full-grown chicken till tender; remove the skin and bones and cut the meat into half-inch pieces and mix with 1-2 the quantity of celery that you have meat. Serve with mayonnaise, or cream dressing. Both the chicken and celery should be cut, not chopped.

Potato Salad.

Slice cold, boiled potatoes; hard-boiled eggs and an onion; place in alternate layers in a dish and pour a salad dressing over them. Set away till very cold and serve. Such a salad with crackers, or biscuit, will do for a luncheon for a small family without anything else.

Orange Salad.

Slice 2 or 3 sour oranges and pour over them a dressing made of 3 tablespoonfuls of salad oil; a little salt and cayenne pepper, well mixed. This is especially nice served with game.

Shrimp Salad.

Remove the shrimps from the can, wash them in cold water and dry them with a soft towel. To every pint of shrimps allow 1-2 pint of dressing and serve on lettuce leaves.

Macedoine Salad.

Cut 1 boiled beet, 1 doz. boiled string beans, 1 boiled carrot and 1 root of celery in small pieces; chop 1 onion very fine. Mix with these 2 tablespoonfuls of cooked peas and 1-2 cupful boiled asparagus tops. Add 1-2 pint of mayonnaise or cream dressing and serve immediately.

Fruit Salad.

This is made by slicing any kind of fruit and placing in layers sprinkled with sugar and cinnamon, or other spices if preferred, and letting it stand till perfectly cold. It is then served with or without cream. A combination of several kinds of fruit makes a delightful compound. Those who use wine can add it to the fruit before it is set away to cool.

Do Ants Talk?

I once saw a drove of the small black ants moving, perhaps to better quarters. The distance was some hundred and fifty yards. Most all which came from the old home carried some of the household goods. Some had eggs, some had what may have answered for their bacon or meat; some had one thing and some another. I sat and watched them closely for over an hour. I noticed that every time two met in the way they would hold their heads close together as if greeting one another, and no matter how often this meeting took place the same thing occurred, as though a short chat were necessary. To prove more about it, I killed one who was on his way. Others being eye-witnesses to the murder, went with speed, and with every ant they met this talking took place as before. But instead of a pleasant greeting, it was sad news they had to communicate. I know it was sad news, for every ant that these parties met, hastily turned back and fled on another course, as much as to say, "for the king's sake, and for your safety, do not go there, for I have seen a monster, just behind, that is able to destroy us all at one blow. I saw him kill one of our family. I do not know how many more are killed." So the news spread, and it was true. How was the news communicated if not by speech?—Magazine of Natural Science.

A Boy's Composition.

A boy, 14 years old, recently imported from Kentucky, handed the following in as a composition on "Breathing." The instruction was "Tell all you can about breathing." He said: "Breath is made of air. We breathe with our lungs, our lights, our liver, and kidneys. If it wasn't for our breath we should die when we slept. Our breath keeps the life agoing through the nose when we are asleep. Boys that stay in a room all day should not breathe. They should wait till they get out of doors. Boys in a room make bad, unwholsome air. They make carbonicide. Carbonicide is poisoner than mad dogs. A heap of soldiers was in a black hole in India, and a carbonicide got in that there hole and killed nearly every one afore morning. Girls kill the breath with corsets, that squeezes the diagram. Girls can't holler or run like boys because their diagram is squeezed too much. If I was a girl I'd ruther be a boy, so I can holler and run and have a great big diagram."—Washington Star.

SOME SUGGESTIONS.

The souvenir spoon craze gets a new impetus from the World's Fair. The various buildings, the gondolas, the statues and the caravels make lovely models for the handles, and the great grandchildren of the future will prize these heirlooms immensely. This is the time to buy these spoons for next Christmas.

A nice little accessory to the toilet, and one the fastidious but slimpursed woman may make for her own comfort, is a pair of sandals fashioned out of Turkish towelling to match her bath robe. They are cut out of pasteboard and covered, the sole first, and then high rubber vamps for the fronts, modelled from a comfortable slipper. It is not difficult to cut them in the form of "Hamlets," if you prefer to have them a bit jaunty.

One does not wish to tread upon even the cleanest floor after one's bath, and the sandals made of the absorbent cotton towelling are far pleasanter than leather or woolen ones.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

AMALIE RIVES CHANLER, MUCH PRAISED AND BLAMED.

Who She is and Some Account of Her Early Life—What She is Doing at Present.

V.

Amalie Rives Chanler is one of those writers who shot, meteor-like, across the literary firmament, flashing out with wondrous brilliancy, and then gradually passing out of sight. It was not a disappearance, however, that was caused by loss of public interest in her work, but simply that she has ceased for the present to work for the public. She is young, with, perhaps, a long career of exceptional success before her, for she possesses undoubted talent—talent so pronounced that many do not hesitate to call it genius.

Amalie Rives was born in Richmond, Va., during the war. Her father, Col. Alfred L. Rives, is a distinguished engineer, and the son of the Hon. W. C. Rives who was sent three times as minister from this country to France, and was also a

writer. Thus, from her father's side, Miss Rives had mental gifts as a heritage, while from her mother's family came that beauty of person which is hers to a marked degree.

Much of her childhood was passed at the country home of her grandmother, at Castle Hill, Albemarle county, Va. When she was 16 the estate became her father's, and henceforth was the family's permanent home.

A few years passed quietly away, during which she studied both art and literature. From the time she was 9 years old she wrote stories and sketches just for the keen delight which the work gave to her. Occasionally she read her productions to her parents, but more often they were laid away unseen. Even when they heard them, they refrained from criticism, leaving her untrammeled, and thus, perhaps, aiding her to form and keep a marked individuality of style.

It was in 1886 that the Atlantic Monthly published anonymously her powerful story, "A Brother to Dragons," which attracted attention both here and in England and aroused many inquiries as to its author. The same year in the Century appeared a strong sonnet, which was signed Amalie Rives, and she was soon identified as the author of the Atlantic's story. Orders poured in for her work, but she made haste slowly, publishing only two or three stories before that one appeared in Lippincott's Magazine, entitled "The Quick or the Dead," which aroused a tempest of criticism, favorable and unfavorable, but definitely fixed the attention of the reading public upon the young girl, its author.

The history of this daring story is too well known to need repeating here. Whether one approves or dis approves, the power of the writer can not be doubted. One thing showed that she possesses self-control in a more than ordinary degree. Neither praise nor blame served to turn her from her purpose, which was to study and write until her faults were corrected. She believes that she has powers for the use of which she is responsible, and that what she has done hitherto is only in the nature of a preparation for further work.

In 1888 she became the wife of John Armstrong Chanler, a grandson of John Jacob Astor. Mr. Chanler is himself fond of art, and has spent much of his life abroad, thus becoming familiar with the productions of the best masters. Proud of his gifted wife, and entirely in sympathy with her desires, he was anxious that she should perfect herself in her art studies.

Accordingly in 1889, just after the publication of "Herod and Marianne," Mr. and Mrs. Chanler sailed for Havre. After some months of travel, they settled down in Paris, and she began her art work. Ill health soon interrupted this pursuit, but, though unable to paint, she endeavored to perfect herself in literature.

At present most of her time is spent at Castle Hill, among the books she loves so well, but doubtless the world will hear of her in the future with no uncertain note.

Some other of her works are "According to St. John," a story published in the Cosmopolitan Magazine, and a drama entitled "Athelwold," which appeared in Harper's Magazine and has been greatly praised by leading critics.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

TWILIGHT TOWN.

Beyond the shadows lies Twilight Town,
Where wee heads nod and lids shut down
Over black eyes, blue eyes, gray and brown;
And through a gap in the city wall
Is a beautiful spot where sunbeams fall
And dance for aye, through tree-tops tall.
Hush, baby! Soft and slow,
Soft and slow, let us go
Through the shadows to Twilight Town.

Soft as the wind through rippling wheat,
When the sun's last rays and the shadows meet,
Sounds the patter of thousands of little feet
Through the gap in the wall on their dimpled knees,
The babies creep under the waving trees,
On the grass of the kingdom "Do-as-you-please."
Hush, baby! Soft and slow,
Slow, slow, let us go
Through the gap in the wall of Twilight Town.

In Twilight Town all things are fair,
The music of waterfalls in the air,
And light wings flitting here and there;
And through the wall is the Dream Hill, bright
With the thoughts that please wee ones at night,
Dancing in rings on cobwebs light.
Hush, dearie! Mother knows—
Soft, slow, baby goes
To fair Dream Hill in Twilight Town.
—September St. Nicholas.

PATSIE'S INVESTMENT.

(Concluded.)

Then slowly, and with more hesitation than before, he said, "I know I'm asking a tremendous favor, but would you give me a note to him? I've worked days in the mill, and studied nights at engineering, but I don't get on much, and one of the boys in the mill told me that Mr. Fairfax had been good to one or two poor boys, and perhaps a word from you might —might—you know."

"Might? No might about it," cried Patsie with delight. "It will be just the thing. A note to Uncle Lee! dear me! I would never have thought of such a thing. You come up to the house to-morrow, and I'll have the note ready for you, and now I must hurry, but don't forget to come to-morrow." And Patsie rushed off to pour into Beulah's eager and willing ear the story of the adventure and rescue.

Some few days later, a poorly dressed, but a clean and well-brushed young man, presented himself to the famous Lee Fairfax, armed with this remarkable letter of introduction:

Dear Uncle Lee:—You are always finding fault with me for being such a frivolous girl, ready to grasp the fun of the moment, and with no thought of the future. I have decided to reform. Indeed, I have come to hold the opinion which you have so often expressed, that as life is so short, one should make some investment in youth that shall shed a radiance (in the form of a dividend) over the shadows of age.

So I hereby send you, in the form of this young man, an amount to be invested. He had the honor of saving me from a scrape I got myself into, and as his idea of happiness is to study engineering with you, I thought the least I could do to show my gratitude was to try and give him a chance.

Honestly, Uncle Lee, he did me a very good turn (although you probably can not wheedle him into telling about it) and father said he thought you would help him. He bears the name among the officers in the mill in Rexford of being a good honest boy against hard odds, so please help him. Come and see us sure before you start for the wilds. Your loving,

PAT.

Mr. Fairfax's eyes twinkled as he read this characteristic letter to its close, and they still twinkled when he raised them to scan closely the lad before him.

After a few questions he drew the boy's story from him, the old story of no father or mother, and the struggle of a boy born in good circumstances, with a poverty that tried to drag him down into a degradation worse than death itself.

As Mr. Fairfax listened to the simple story, his heart went out to the lad before him, and from that day he took him under his protection, and became both teacher and friend. Mr. Fairfax's reply to Patsie was as follows:

To Miss Patricia Fairfax:

Amount received, and invested, as desired. Dividends will not be payable for some time, but when they are, will doubtlessly be at a high rate of interest. Will inform you from time to time of any necessary change of investment. Respectfully,

LEE FAIRFAX.

The home people bothered Patsie unmercifully about the affair; talked learnedly before her of the rise and fall in stocks, and asked her repeatedly about the security of her investment, and whether dividends were paid quarterly, semi-annually or annually.

She bore it all with wonderful patience for her, and watched eagerly for letters from Uncle Lee that should assure her of the success of her venture. At last after many similar notes she received the following:

To Miss Patricia Fairfax:

Would state in regard to your investment that it has succeeded far above my expectations. It has been found necessary to change the place of the amount, and it has now been removed to a very promising position in Western Colorado, where there is every reason to expect a higher rate of interest than ever before. Hoping that this will prove satisfactory to you, I remain,

Yours respectfully,

LEE FAIRFAX.

And then Patsie went away to school, and communications came but rarely from Uncle Lee, who was prowling over the wilds of Mexico, so that it happened that some three years passed without any word to Patsie from her cherished investment.

Patsie had grown into a slender, merry-faced young woman of twenty, but too slender and pale for perfect health.

"Too much study," lamented her anxious mother.

"Too much society," said the outspoken family doctor. "What she needs is a long spell of open-air life. Send her out West with that rolling stone of a brother of yours, that rascal Lee, that used to pommel me so in football, and that will set her on her feet. If she keeps on in this way you will lose her, sure."

That was enough for the whole family. Uncle Lee was at home, providentially, but just about starting West, and with many outspoken complaints (and countless inward delights) at being burdened with a girl, consented to take Patsie with him.

From the time that Patsie set foot in Denver she was a new person. The long horseback rides in the clear, dry air sent the blood with new vigor through her veins, and brought a color to her cheek and a sparkle to her eyes.

After they had been in Denver a few weeks, Uncle Lee announced one morning at breakfast that he must take a ride up country to see some mines, and that he hoped that Patsie would not be lonesome, etc., etc.

Thereupon Patsie made a great outcery, and peace was not declared until he had agreed to let her go with him. It was a glorious day, clear and cool, and Patsie enjoyed the ride up the mountain trail, so different from any ride she had ever had before.

When they reached the camp, Uncle Lee stopped at a small, cosy, little house, bearing the sign "Office" in big letters on the front, remarking to Patsie:

"You had better stop here, dear, and rest while I go on to the mine. I'll come back to-morrow, and Mrs. Barker is probably here. I'll call her to the door," and leaning over from his horse, he rapped smartly on the door with the handle of his riding-whip.

The door was flung hastily open, but instead of Mrs. Barker's portly figure, behold, a young man, tall, with broad shoulders, and wearing his suit of gray tweed with a grace not learned in the Colorado mountains.

He scanned the two riders with a pair of gray eyes that looked squarely at them, and the look was not to be mistaken. In spite of added arches, even in spite of the straight brown mustache added to his face, Patsie recognized the look, and leaning forward and touching her uncle's arm, murmured:

"My investment."

Some grocers are so short sighted as to decline to keep the IVORY SOAP, claiming it does not pay as much profit as inferior qualities do, so if your regular grocer refuses to get it for you, there are undoubtedly others who recognize the fact that the increased volume of business done by reason of keeping the best articles more than compensates for the smaller profit, and will take pleasure in getting it for you.

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Her uncle stared again, and then exclaimed heartily:

"Sure enough. Harold, my boy, is it really you? Thought you were in New Mexico."

"Mr. Fairfax, what a surprise!" said the younger man, as he grasped the hand of his friend and patron. "I was in New Mexico, but they summoned me back here again."

And then his eyes wandered to the stately young figure, a little behind Mr. Fairfax, who sat her horse so easily, and was watching the meeting of the two gentlemen with great interest.

Mr. Fairfax caught the look, and turning to Patsie with a merry twinkle of his eyes, he said:

"My dear Patricia, this is the first dividend that I promised you so long ago. May you have many more, and may the interest never be less."

And she did, and the interest grew higher and higher, but that is neither here nor there; all is, Patsie never had cause to regret her one business investment—and the dividends it brought her.—E. S. Winfield, in The Cottage Hearth.

THE BUTTERFLY PARTY.

One of the newest amusements for young people is a butterfly party. It may be a playing party or recitations, music, or any other form of diversion may play the principal part. The girls should be each dressed as some kind of butterfly—one in blue and silver chiffon or gauze, another in black, brown, scarlet, and so on, with gauze wings attached to the shoulders. In playing the effect is beautiful, as it gives a suggestion of the pretty insects fluttering about and settling down again. And when the butterfly decoration is used for fairs it is most charming. The room in which the auction and the entertainment takes place is decorated with butterflies made of tissue paper. A large butterfly is suspended from the ceiling, made on a wire framework, each wing about 18 inches. The wings are covered with yellow tale paper. The paper must be creased as for lampshades by drawing through the hand. The legs of the butterfly are wire, painted black, smaller butterflies on similar principles may also be hung about the room.

OUR WONDER COLUMN.

1.—WHAT ARE WE?

We crawl the earth in sad disgrace,
Indeed, 'tis death to show our face;
At night, we have things to our sorrow,
If not pursued, and hot

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above heading aims to give, first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

WASHINGTON.

ANXIOUS FOR A SHORT VACATION.

Not Able to Accomplish Anything—Washington News.

Washington, Oct. 4.—There is talk among members of both houses about a two weeks' recess before the 1st of November, and there can be no such recess while the silver question is still before the Senate, says a morning paper. The compromisers on both sides of the chamber are still trying to undermine Mr. Voorhees and his supporters by leaving them with less than a majority for the bill in its present form. They have not yet succeeded in getting anything like a majority to support any of the schemes they have advanced, but still they hope that if the Senate gets into a protracted deadlock, with the silver Senators filibustering, they may be able to have a compromise adopted, on the plea that it is the only solution of the difficulty.

The Geary Law.

Strenuous efforts have been made by Congressmen favoring and those opposing the McCreary substitute for the Geary bill to agree upon a time when the bill shall be considered. It is feared that there will be no quorum in the House as soon as the vote is taken on the federal election bill. Efforts will be made to get the bill as soon after the vote as possible.

Grover's New Deal.

President Cleveland has adopted the policy of accepting the recommendations of Cabinet officers for appointments coming under their departments, instead of undertaking to pass personally on the merits of the applicants in each individual case. He pursued the latter course during his last administration, and undertook to continue it in this, but the pressure upon him for office has been so great that he has been compelled, in the interests of his health, to abandon the task and divide the work of filling the offices among the eight members of his Cabinet.

Treasury Statement.

According to a Treasury statement which has been issued by Secretary Carlisle, the total amount of money in circulation in the United States October 1, was $1,701,939,918. The average circulation per capita, estimating the population ah 67,306,000, is therefore $25.29. The net increase in circulation during September was $21,877 247, the greatest item of increase being gold coin; viz: $14,829,741.

To Increase Bank Circulation.

A member of the Banking and Currency committee said to-day: "We intend to report a bill allowing national banks to issue circulation to the full amount of bonds deposited in the treasury."

BUTLER STIRS UP THE SENATE

By Declaring That Compromise is the Solution of the Struggle.

Washington, Oct. 4.—In the Senate to-day the first open suggestion of a compromise on the repeal bill was made and attracted the closest attention on both sides of the chamber. Senator Butler, of South Carolina, in an impassioned speech against the passage of the bill made compromise the salient feature. In reply to the question which he said had been asked over and over again as to when a vote would be had on the bill, Mr. Butler said: "Compromise, compromise is the solution of the struggle here."

Favorable to Van Alen.

The Senate committee on foreign relations met this morning and took up the appointment of J. J. Van Alen as ambassador to Italy. The committee had before it a mass of letters and newspaper articles bearing upon the case, and succeeded in reaching a conclusion which is understood to have been favorable to Mr. Van Alen.

Blount's Report.

Washington, Oct. 5.—The nature of Mr. Blount's recommendation regarding the annexation question, says a morning paper, is to the effect that no action should be taken by the United States to annex the Island or establish a protectorate over it without the full consent of all the natives. The report recommends that all questions involved in annexation and establishment of a protectorate should be submitted to a vote of all natives, as well as foreigners, and upon their decision rests the future policy of the United States respecting the Hawaiian Islands.

If Mr. Cleveland adopts his recommendations submitted it practically means that the queen will be restored to power, as she is said to be popular among the natives, each of whose votes is to be equal to that of foreigners, and it will mean further the complete ascendancy of Mr. Clause Spreckels, the sugar king.

Test Pension Case.

Associate Justice Charles D. Long, of the Michigan Supreme court, who was one of the most conspicuous of the men whose names were stricken from the pension roll by Commissioner of Pensions Lochren, has filed a petition for a writ of mandamus in the United States Supreme court for the District of Columbia. He asks a mandamus compelling the commissioner to show cause why he should not at once be restored to the pension rolls.

The prominence of Judge Long, and the peculiar circumstances attending his original re-rating, without petition on his part, under the administration of Corporal Tanner, have made this a celebrated case, and this will be something of a test case.

The Supreme Court.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 5.—The Supreme court of the United States commenced its year's session on Monday of this week. There are upon the docket some 900 cases, or over three years' work. It has been estimated that the court will dispose of not more than 250 cases—certainly not more than 375—during the coming year. For the convenience of the Toledo attorneys, the list of cases from the state of Ohio likely to be heard during the coming year is given herewith. In order to enable those interested to readily determine the probable portion of the year in which their cases will come up the docket of the year's cases is given, as already indicated. It is not probable that the number of cases heard during the year will exceed 375, so that those cases numbering below 100 may be estimated as likely to come within the first three months of the session, while those below 200 are likely to be taken up by the middle of the term, and those between 200 and 375 will not be heard before the latter part of this term.

BIG GRIST OF APPOINTMENTS.

Grover Was Feeling Quite Well To-Day.

Washington, Oct. 6.—The following nominations were sent to the Senate to-day by the President: Stephen Bonsal, of Maryland, now secretary of legation at Peking, to be secretary of legation of the United States at Madrid, Spain; Chas. Denby, jr., of Indiana, now second secretary of legation of the United States at Peking, to be secretary of legation at Peking, China. To be consuls of the United States: Frank A. Dean, of Michigan, at Naples, Italy; Marshall Hanger, of Virginia, at Bermuda; Wilburn B. Hall, of Maryland, at Nice, France; Edgar Schramm, of Texas, at Montevideo, Uruguay; James H. Stewart, of New York, at St. Thomas, West Indies; P. B. Spence, of Kentucky, at Quebec, Can.; Reavel Savage, of Maryland, at Nantes, France; Edwin S. Wallace, of South Dakota, at Jerusalem, Syria. War—Second Lieutenant Earnest Hinds, Second artillery, to be first lieutenant; Second Lieutenant Wirt Robinson, Fourth artillery, to be first lieutenant. Treasury—C. Marshall Force, of Kentucky, to be deputy first comptroller of the treasury; John E. Grady, of Florida, to be collector of customs for the district of Apallachicola.

THE GALLERIES OF THE UPPER HOUSE WELL FILLED.

While in the Lower House There Are Empty Seats—Deep Interest of the Country in Monetary Affairs.

Washington, Oct. 6.—No better illustration of the intense interest of the country in the proceedings in the Senate could be furnished than that which is afforded at the Capitol daily by the contrast between the interest taken in events in the two houses of Congress, says a morning paper.

When it was first proposed to take up the bill for the repeal of the federal election laws in the House it will be remembered the most earnest advocates of the repeal of the silver purchase law were opposed to doing so, fearing that the debate on the election laws would tend to distract attention from the monetary question and would stir up partisan feeling that would tend to dampen the ardor of some of the Republican senators whose voters will be needed if the repeal bill is to pass. Such has not been the case however.

Interest in the Senate.

Day after day the attention of the country has been concentrated on the Senate. The galleries have been crowded with spectators listening to dry arguments on the money question and the newspapers all over the country have devoted column after column to reports of proceedings and comments on the situation. In the meantime there has been in progress at the other end of the Capitol, almost unnoticed a debate that under any other circumstances would attract the widest attention. The fundamental question at issue is the proper interpretation of one of the most important provisions of the constitution.

Little Interest in the House.

The question is how far the constitution permits the general government to interfere in elections in the states, a question on the abstract almost as dry as the monetary question itself, but in the collateral practical questions growing out of it giving opportunity for some of the most bitterly partisan speeches that have been delivered in either House of Congress since the unsuccessful attempt of the Republicans in the Fifty-first Congress to still further extend the power of the federal government in elections by the passage of the force bill.

In Earnest on the Money Question.

These speeches that would ordinarily be listened to with the closest attention and would be reported fully in all the newspapers are now delivered to empty seats on the floor and galleries deserted, except by the crowd of loafers who are always to be seen in the men's gallery. The newspapers give the debate the briefest mention, and apparently no one cares whether it goes on or not. All this means that the country is very much in earnest on the monetary question and has not patience for any other legislation as long as the repeal bill hangs on in the Senate.

In the Diplomatic Service.

There are several important vacancies in the diplomatic service of the government at the President's disposal. All of the foreign missions of importance have been filled with two exceptions,, and so far no names have been mentioned for either one that can be considered as at all probable candidates. These two missions are the first-class mission to Russia and that to China. There has been a vacancy at the capital of St. Petersburg since the resignation of Minister Charles Emory Smith a year ago. Minister Denby still holds the post to China, to which he was first appointed by President Cleveland, and held over through President Harrison's administration, after the refusal of the Chinese government to accept ex-Senator Blair.

Mr. Blount's Report.

The President will soon make public the full report of Mr. Blount on the Hawaiian question, says a morning paper, and that the matter will be laid before the Senate shortly. There was an important conference on the question at the White House yesterday in which the President, Secretary Gresham and Minister Willis took part. The intent of it, it is believed, was to consider certain matters which Mr. Willis will investigate on his arrival at Hawaii, for which place he leaves this week. The President's message on the report is prepared, but will not be submitted to the Senate until after disposal of the pending silver bill.

Mr. Harter's Proposition.

Mr. Harter, of Ohio, before the banking and currency committee advocated his bill providing for the extension of the national banking system by allowing the issuance and circulation by these banks of notes equal to 75 per cent of the paid in and unimpaired capital stock and providing for an emergency clause which permits an additional issue of 50 per cent of paid in stock provided that it is secured by a deposit of bonds on which six per cent quarterly interest is imposed. Mr. Harter did not believe this law should include state banks.

Pulverizing the Rum Power.

Washington, Oct. 6.—The Rev. John T. James, the crank Methodist divine who smashed a whisky exhibit at the World's Fair a month or two ago, assailed one of the finest saloons in this city yesterday and demolished a $250 plate glass, smashed several large mirrors and destroyed a large quantity of bottled goods. He was arrested and locked up.

PROUD OF HIS RECORD.

Something of a Sensation in the House, Friday.

Washington, Oct. 7.—There was a slight sensation in the House yesterday during the debate in the repeal of the federal election laws. Mr. Talbert, the Populist member, spoke in support of repeal and declared "that the proudest memory of my life is that I was a Confederate soldier. Our struggle has been styled the 'lost cause.' It may have been lost, but it was the cause of liberty. If some are not willing to give liberty to us we are ready to fight again. We will give the black men their rights, but this is a white man's country and white men must and shall rule."

The debate on the election bill occupied seven hours, the principal speech being made in support of repeal by Mr. Cummings, of New York.

That Tariff Bill.

The Democratic members of the ways and means committee have acknowledged that some difficulties are now being reached. The iron and steel schedules is a perplexing knot to be solved. The framework of the bill before the majority is understood to be a draft submitted by Secretary Carlisle. The members of the committee find many changes which they believe are desirable. It is understood that it has been definitely determined that the sugar bounty shall be repealed.

Drop in the Gold Reserve.

Several days ago the Treasury Department mailed interest checks aggregating in value about $5,000,000 to pay interest on the public debt due October 1. The effect of their payment is already being felt in the reduction of the gold reserve which today stands at $89,026,698, as compared with a reserve of $95,582,172 on the 2d inst. The reserve has nearly reached the lowest point in its history, which occurred about the middle of last June when it was several hundred thousand below what it is to-day.

In the Senate.

Senator Call talked on the silver bill yesterday, and when he had finished there were but six senators in the chamber. A quorum was drummed up, and Senator Teller resumed his speech against the bill.

INVESTIGATING PENSION CASES.

Large Increase in the Number of Special Examiners.

Washington, Oct. 7.—More cases are under investigation by special examiners of the Pension bureau than have confronted the special examination division of the bureau for a great many years. The total number of cases for special investigation now pending is 16,800. There is an increase of 2,299 over the number pending on July 1, the beginning of the present fiscal year. At that time the number of special examiners in the field was 160, and this number has now been increased to 219. The work of investigating pension cases is steadily increasing. This is due to the fact that each year claims become more difficult to establish, because of thedeath of witnesses, or their failure to recall facts or uncertainty about them. The number of field examiners has been greatly reduced during the past four years. At the beginning of the fiscal year 1889, the number was 254; in 1890, 220; in 1891, 198; in 1892, 114; in 1893, 129, and in 1894, 160. During this period the number of pending cases for special investigation and the appropriation for the work on July 1 of each year was as follows: 1889, 15,806 cases, and $415,000; 1890, 10,534 cases and $415,000 appropriation; 1891, 3,517 cases and $415,000 appropriation; 1892, 5,967 cases and $215,000 appropriation, and 1893, 14,561 cases and $225,000 appropriation. The present appropriation is believed to be entirely inadequate for the work of disposing of the great volume of pending cases.

SEN. VOORHEES GIVES NOTICE.

The Senate to Sit Continuously Until a Vote is Reached.

Washington, Oct. 7.—Senator Voorhees gave definite notice in the Senate this morning that commencing on Wednesday next he would ask the Senate to sit continuously until a vote had been reached on the pending measure, and that he would expect Senators to maintain a quorum until the end of the present contest was reached.

"I might say more," he said, "but more is not necessary. I give this notice in order that Senators may govern themselves accordingly in the performance of the duty they owe the public." Mr. Roach (Dem., N. D.) then addressed the Senate in favor of a repeal.

Senator Peffer's Bill.

Senator Peffer has introduced in the Senate a bill to provide for the coinage of all the gold and silver in the treasury and for all that shall be offered, and for the issuing of enough paper money to bring the volume of the currency up to six billion dollars. Of this amount $600,000,000 is to be distributed to the various states and territories pro rata, according to population, to be expended in public improvements. Thebill further provides that all citizens of the United States, offering their labor shall be employed under the conditions of the bill. It was introduced by request. Mr. Peffer explaining that he did not consider the country ripe for such legislation yet.

MR. SPRINGER WAS MAD

When Mr. Boutelle Declared Him a Doughface.

Washington, Oct. 9.—Mr. Boutelle, of Maine, delivering a glowing apostrophe to New England, in which he made some sarcastic allsuions to Dr. Everett, of Massachusetts, was about to read an abstract from James Russell Lowell, which, he said, described the doughface of 1861, and enabled him to throw upon the screen of the House a photograph of the doughface of 1893. The House was listening eagerly. Suddenly Mr. Springer took exception against applying the epithet "doughface" to a member of the House.

"It is an epithet," returned Mr. Boutelle, defiantly, "which can be applied with equal force as well to the gentleman from Illinois as to the gentleman from Maine."

The House held its breath. Mr. Springer's face grew white with rage.

"Do I understand you to say that you applied that epithet to me?" he shouted.

"You understood it as well as you are capable of understanding anything," retorted Boutelle.

"I want you to know, sir," replied Mr. Springer, striding toward his adversary, with fire in his eye, "that you dare not apply such an epithet to me."

"Mr. Speaker, the gentleman from Illinois can't be impertinent to me under the guise of a point of order," returned Mr. Boutelle; "but I withdraw the epithet," he continued, moving his arms magnanimously in Mr. Springer's direction, "in order that I may go on with my speech. I deny, however, that it was unparliamentary. The attempt to make it so is as silly as was the attempt in the last Congress to take exception to the word mugwump."

THE TUCKER BILL PASSED.

The Democrats of the House Stood Solidly for It.

Washington, Oct. 10.—The fact that the voting on the Tucker bill to repeal the federal election laws was to begin, according to the special order under which the debate has progressed, at 1 o'clock, attracted a full house to-day. The benches on both sides of the House were filled and the galleries were crowded.

The special order bringing the Tucker bill to a vote and the pending amendments by Mr. Fitch, Mr. Lacey and Mr. Burrows was read at 1 o'clock.

Mr. Burrow's Amendment.

Mr. Burrows explained that he would not demand a division on his amendment, if the House would permit the five statutes his amendment sought to save to be read at the clerk's deskthat they might get into the record. They are the sections providing for free registry and vote of citizens irrespective of color or previous condition, and providing for the punishment of those who prevent, hinder and delay registration and voting, and giving United States judges jurisdiction in such cases.

On a rising vote the amendment was defeated—81 to 183—a strict party division The ayes and nays were demanded, and the roll was called. The roll call resulted: Ayes, 100; nays, 198. The vote demonstrated the fact that the Democrats had a margin of nine in excess of a quorum.

Another Aye and Nay Vote.

The vote then recurred on Mr. Lacey's amendment providing for the punishment of crimes against ballot in congressional and delegate elections, and Mr. Lacey demanded an aye and nay vote, claiming that the defeat of his amendment would give bribery and ballot-box stuffing free vein in delegate elections in the territories. This amendment was also voted down, as was also Mr. Fitch's amendment.

The Bill Passes.

The vote then recurred on the original bill, and, according to the dictates of last night's caucus, it passed the House by a vote of 200 yeas to 101 nays.

NO COMPROMISE.

Secretary Carlisle Delivers Mr. Cleveland's Ultimatum.

Washington, Oct. 9.—Secretary Carlisle made a visit to the Senate wing of the Capitol Saturday afternoon. Coming at this juncture when every one, Senators included, is expecting the unusual to happen, the visit created a mild sensation. He had just come from a conference with the President, and it was naturally supposed that he had some important message for individual Senators or for the body at large.

Senator Vance told a representative of the Associated Press that Mr. Carlisle had gone to the Capitol for the purpose of preventing a compromise, and Senator Voorhees virtually confirmed this statement. After his conference with Mr. Carlisle he said to the Associated Press representative that the administration forces had no compromise to suggest or ask, and that they were still determined to make the fight on the old lines.

To Increase Mexican Pensions.

Representative Caminetti has introduced a bill increasing the pensions of veterans of the Mexican war from $8 to $12 per month.

TWO THOUSAND KILLED BY THE SOUTHERN STORM.

Summary of the Most Destructive Storm Which Ever Visited the American Continent—Relief is Needed at Once.

New Orleans, Oct. 5.—Over 2,000 killed and nearly $5,000,000 of property annihilated, is the record of the great gulf storm in Louisiana. There has never been anything approximating it since the country was settled. More than half the population in the region over which the hurricane swept is dead. Everything is wrecked, and not a house is left standing, while the survivors are left in the most destitute condition without food or even clothing, for most of them were sleeping in their beds when their homes were crushed by the wind or waves.

There have been several similar disasters on the coast. At Lost Island, where 286 people lost their lives, and at Johston's Bayou, the last numbered 220 six years ago, but Monday's disaster far surpassed these in horror.

Not a Child Survived.

The weak and injured were all killed, and in the settlements where the storm was worst, not a child survived, and very few women. The survivors are the young men in the vigor of manhood. Not one of them but has a terrible story to tell; not one but is badly bruised and injured. They escaped mainly on rafts and logs, floating from 20 to 90 hours in the water, with the wind at 115 miles an hour. The deaths so far as reported, and which are confirmed, aggregate over 2,000.

Crews All Lost.

At the time the storm visited Chemle, Canada 120 fishing vessels were in the gulf fishing. Not a word has been heard from them or their occupants. Along the Mississippi the loss of life was to some extent due to falling buildings. In the bay it was caused wholly by drowning. The pecuniary damage, while heavy, is not as large as might have been expected. Plantations and the richer portions of Plaquemine parish were not worsted by the storm, and it was the smaller farms and fishing settlements which suffered most.

The Financial Loss.

The damage is now estimated as follows:

New Orleans	$300,000
Plaquemine	250,000
Johnston's Bayou	100,000
Orange crops	200,000
Other crops	250,000
Cattle, etc	250,000
Shipping, schooners, luggers, etc.	250,000
Fishing settlements	400,000
Railroads	800,000
Miscellaneous	350,000
Total	$2,500,000

Between here and Mobile the amount of damage done is placed at $500,000, and in and around Mobile, $300,000; total damage, $4,420,000. The total loss on oranges is 75 per cent, while a like per cent of the orange trees were killed or blown down. Of the railroads, the Louisville & Nashville is the heaviest sufferer, and the damage inflicted on it will run from $500,000 to $600,000. The greater portion of the line between here and Mobile, 142 miles, is damaged.

THE SYRACUSE CONVENTION.

New York Republicans Yell for Ohio's Governor.

Chairman Brookfield, of the state committee, organized the convention. Prayer was offered, the roll was called and Patrick W. Cullinan, of Oswego, was presented as temporary chairman. In his address to the convention Mr. Cullinan canvassed the achievements of the Republican party referring to the administration of President Harrison "illuminated by the genius of a Blaine as the golden age of the republic." He then spoke of the present spectacle at Washington as humiliating to a nation before the eyes of the world. The assumption of state control by the Democrats in 1891 was characterized as "the theft of a state and a crime against the people."

Mr. Cullinan then bluntly charged Judge Maynard with the work of its ultimate culmination, and called upon the convention and the people to rebuke the act. After a comparison of stewardships, the speech closed with a canvass of state issues.

Cheers for McKinley.

When, in his speech, Mr. Cullinan referred to the McKinley bill, there was a rattle of hand-clippings that died away and was renewed more vociferously, and at length became significant, and as the cheers finally subsided, one delegate demanded three cheers for McKinley, while another shouted "And he'll be our next President, too." Renewed cheers greeted this declaration.

Judge Frank Brundage, of Erie county, was reported for permanent chairman, and, after his speech, nominations for Court of Appeals judgeship were first made, these names being presented: Judge William Rumsey, of Bath; Edward T. Bartlett, of New York, and John Sabine Smith. A ballot was had, and Mr. Bartlett was chosen by this vote: Bartlett, 538 1-2; Rumsey, 97; Smith, 80.

The Platform.

The committee on resolutions next presented its report. The platform starts out with this sentence: "The time has come to rescue the state of New York from the despotic control of an utterly selfish and personal machine." All men are then invited to join with the Republican party to effect a reform. "Five men constitute the Democratic machine and see that the mastery of the commonwealth" runs the platform, and then follows a recitation of Judge Maynard's action in the election of 1891 and denunciation of what he did and what his party have been enabled to do as a result. The reapportionment and the subsequent legislation in the Democratic House and Senate are analyzed and condemned. Among its pledges, the platform promises "to prevent the prostitution of the ballot, the burglary of the ballot-box, and larceny of election returns." The principles of the Minneapolis platform are reindorsed, and the present industrial uncertainty is attributed to the fear of an indiscriminate reduction of tariff duties now in progress at Washington. The only reference to silver is embodied in a clause "commending Republican Senators and Representatives in Congress for their adherence to the cause of sound money and a stable currency."

Ticket Completed.

Nominations being resumed, Gen. John Palmer, of Albany, was nominated by acclamation for secretary of State. James A. Roberts, of Buffalo, also by acclamation, was named for comptroller. Addison Colvin, of Warren county, was nominated for state treasurer, and Theodore Hancock, of Syracuse, was nominated for attorney general, and the ticket was completed by placing Campbell W. Adams, of Oneida, in nomination for state engineer. The constitutional convention delegation is headed by Joseph H. Choate, of New York. The new state committee was named, and the convention adjourned sine die.

THE SHORTAGE IS GROWING.

Misappropriations Discovered Aggregating $104,727.

Tuskahoma, I. T., Oct. 9.—Ex-Treasurer McCurtin has not been heard from since he left here yesterday morning. It now turns out that his shortage is $104,727, and it is not unlikely that additional misappropriations will be discovered. No one knows how he stands on the general fund, as the committee has not examined the books yet. The Locke men are loud in denouncing him and a number of the Jones faction denounce him.

IOWA TOWN ALMOST DESTROYED.

Fire Consumes $200,000 Worth of Property.

Waterloo, Iowa, Oct. 10.—The entire business portion of Parkersburg, Iowa, was destroyed by fire yesterday; 80 buildings were consumed. The Waterloo department was called upon and succeeded in saving the residence portion of the town. The loss is estimated at $200,000, and the insurance is probably $58,000.

NEW YORK DEMOCRATS.

The Convention Manipulated by the Hill Machine.

Saratoga, N. Y., Oct. 6.—The anti-snappers are not on earth at the Saratoga convention. Nothing else was expected. The Hill machine controls everything. The only thing done yesterday was to effect a temporary organization by making Dan Lockwood, of Buffalo, chairman, and appoint the various standing committees.

The convention met for the second day's proceedings at 11 o'clock this morning. The report of the committee on contested seats was made by James W. Ridgeway, of Brooklyn, and in every case seated anti-Cleveland contestants, except in one instance, where the delegation was evenly divided. The report was adopted under the previous question, but upon a roll call by a vote of 249 to 34, the temporary organization was made permanent, and Chairman Lockwood, without making another speech, called for the report of the committee on resolutions, which was presented by George Raines, of Rochester.

The platform, after congratulations to the party and the people of the state for the way state matters have been managed since the Democrats came into power, refers to national affairs and President Cleveland as follows:

"To the federal issue and policy we reaffirm the principles of the state and national Democratic platforms so emphatically endorsed by a vote of the people last November. The transfer of legislative and executive branches of the federal government to the Democratic party was none too soon to correct evils if not late to avoid the widespread distress caused by unsound and plutocratic Republican legislation. To the repeal of unwise and unjust laws of Republican origin the Democratic party is pledged, and may safely be trusted to reconstruct our currency and tax laws in accordance with popular needs and sound political principles, thereby restoring confidence among the people, and re-establishing the conditions of commercial and industrial prosperity. Recent events have emphasized and confirmed the utterances of the Democratic platforms of 1891 and 1892, and the Democratic national platform of last year in denunciation of the Sherman law providing the compulsory purchase and storage of silver bullion, and in reiterating that condemnation we again demand the speedy and unconditional repeal of the law's obnoxious and injurious provisions. We express our warm appreciation of the patriotism of the soldiers and sailors of the Union in the war for its preservation, and we favor just and liberal provisions for all disabled Union soldiers, their widows and dependents.

"We congratulate President Cleveland and the country upon the auspicious beginning of his administration, and pledge him our earnest support in all his efforts to secure the enactment of Democratic measures, and the carrying out of Democratic policies. We especially approve his patriotic action in convening Congress in extraordinary session for the purpose of ridding the country of the reckless financial legislation passed by the Republican Congress in 1890, against the unanimous vote of the Democratic members."

One clause on state issues recommends that the constitutional convention to be held next year shall provide for an extension of the election franchise to women.

BISHOP BROOKS'S SUCCESSOR.

Dr. William Lawrence Formally Consecrated in Boston.

Boston, Oct. 5.—The Rev. Dr. William Lawrence, dean of the Episcopal Theological school, Cambridge, was ordained and consecrated to-day, in Trinity church, as the successor of the lamented Bishop Brooks.

The Right Rev. John Williams, D. D., the presiding bishop, who has for his diocese the state of Connecti-

BISHOP-ELECT LAWRENCE.

cut, acted as consecrator, and was assisted by several other bishops. He presided at the consecration of Dr. Philips Brooks also. The sermon was preached by Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island. He was once assistant rector of Trinity. He has been bishop of Rhode Island for nearly 40 years, and is 81 years old.

AN ENORMOUS STRIKE.

Seven Thousand Workmen Strike in Rhode Island.

Providence, R. I., Oct. 9.—A big strike in the woolen mills at Olneyville, a suburb of this city, was inaugurated this morning. Probably seven thousand people are out of work and the strike is growing rapidly before it stops, unless all signs fail, every woolen manufacturing establishment in this state will close its doors, and there is talk of the cotton workers joining in the strike.

There has been discontent ever since a notice was posted in the mills last week of a reduction in wages, and several meetings of the operators were held and speeches of a nature to precipitate a strike were made by labor agitators. It was resolved to wait until this morning, when it was understood the scale of prices was to be posted, before taking definite action.

ANOTHER LICK AT PROHIBITION.

Kansas "Clubs" Can Do a Saloon Business.

Topeka, Kas., Oct. 10.—Judge Hazen of the District court, has dissolved the injunction in the Topeka club case. The Populist metropolitan police of Topeka raided the club-house and arrested seven members. They were convicted before the police judge but afterward released on habeas corpus proceedings before the Circuit court, which held that the club was not conducted in violation of the prohibitory law. County Attorney Safford then commenced injunction proceedings against the club under the nuisance clause of the prohibitory law. The court granted a temporary restraining order and took a month to consider the questions raised, rendering a verdict yesterday. The case will probably be taken to the Supreme court.

EMMA GOLDMAN IS GUILTY.

She May Do Time on Blackwell's Island.

New York, Oct. 10.—Emma Goldman, the anarchist, has been found guilty of the misdemeanor known to the law as "unlawful assemblage." She heard the news without flinching. Indeed, there was an expression of contempt upon her mobile features as she listened to the formalities with which the verdict against her was recorded. Under the conviction she may be sentenced to pay a fine of from $1 to $500, or imprisonment for from one day to one year in the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island, or both. On the announcement of the verdict Attorney A. Oakey Hall, Miss Goldman's counsel, gave notice of a motion for arrest of judgment, and also said that he would ask the court to limit the sentence to a fine.

Kansas Democrats Abandon Fusion

Topeka, Kas., Oct. 10.—The Democrats of Kansas seem to be abandoning fusion with either party. In Franklin county straight-out nominations were made, Cleveland endorsed, and a free coinage resolution defeated. For the first time in four years the Lyon county Democracy has put up a full ticket. The Democrats of Saline county have severed connections with the Populists.

FOREIGN NEWS.

AFFAIRS IN RIO JANEIRO.

Foreign Warships Will Protect Persons of Their Nationalities.

New York, Oct. 9.—The Herald's Montevidio dispatch says: Information has just been received here from Rio Janeiro to the effect that the crews of the foreign warships in the harbor there will only be landed to afford protection to persons of their respective nationalities who live in the

ADMIRAL MELLOS.
Commander Rebel Forces in Brazil.

city. It is believed that Peixoto's guerillas will not attempt further barbarities when they are liable to encounter the foreign sailors instead of unarmed men and defenseless women, and that once more the street and homes will be safe. There will be no attempt to interfere between Peixoto and Mello, although the former has been notified that if he continues to plant batteries along the water front and erect fortifications the rebel admiral's forces will be recognized as legitimate belligerents.

A Fort Surrendered.

Rio de Janeiro, Oct. 10.—One of the forts in the bay surrendered to the insurgent fleet to-day.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S HEALTH.

Appetite Gone and He Is a Paralytic.

Kissengen, Oct. 4.—As is usual in the case of aged convalescents, it is hard to determine from one day to another what Prince Bismarck's condition will be. It is certain that his last illness has left permanent marks upon him, and it is doubtful if he will ever recover his usual health and strength. His progress toward recovery has been again retarded by the entire failure of his appetite. He will now scarcely touch food. The reports that he has suffered an attack of paralysis in the right foot by the fact that his right hand is apparently completely useless. He salutes with his left hand, and is even compelled to sign his name with that hand. He has aged in looks very much since his sickness and in appearance is very decrepit. It is impossible for him to enter or leave his carriage without assistance, and whenever he goes driving two men servants help him in and out of the vehicle. The prince complains that he is afflicted with pain day and night. Altogether he is much broken.

PRINCE BISMARCK AT HOME.

An Ovation Given the Invalid Statesman.

Berlin, Oct. 9.—A crowd of people surrounded the railway station near Prince Bismarck's home when the invalid statesman reached there Saturday night. The local authorities only allowed about sixty of the prince's personal friends to greet him on the platform. Among the latter was the manager of the Bismarck estate, who stood on the step of the car. He left hand, with a pleased though faint smile, at the same time remarking that his right hand was still disabled. Prince Bismarck then spoke of all were well at the castle, and said that he had borne his journey very well.

The ex-chancellor walked firmly to the carriage which was in waiting for him, and was followed by Princess Bismarck. The route to the castle was lined with people, and in front of them stood firemen holding flaring torches above their heads and producing a most brilliant effect. From all sides the prince was greeted with the most heartfelt enthusiasm mingled with deep reverence. It was not the welcome that would have been extended to the emperor, for instance; it was the loving greeting which grateful, loving children extend to a dearly cherished father upon whose frame the hand of sickness and old age rests with heavy weight.

REMARKABLE EXPERIMENT.

Hypnotizing a Criminal to Secure a Confession.

Amsterdam, Oct. 10.—The body of the woman found yesterday by the police at Amstit, is not that of Miss Schmitz, one of the supposed victims of Hendrick De Jong, the alleged wholesale wife murderer, but that of a girl who has been missing a month to-day.

So, the De Jong mystery seems as far from being cleared up as it was weeks ago. The body of Miss Sarah Juett, another of the women supposed to have been murdered by De Jong, is also still missing and there is no report yet from the two physicians who, under pretense of examining the prisoner regarding his health, are to hypnotize him and while under their magnetic influence, try to make the man suspected of wife murder confess where he has hidden the bodies of his victims.

SPANIARDS ON THE WARPATH.

Moors at Melilla Will be Attacked at Once.

Madrid, Oct. 5.—The war office has ordered that all the available men at Malaga proceed to Melilla. The force will number 3,000 men, and the instructions given to the commanding generals are to attack the Moors with the utmost vigor.

The government is determined that the Moors responsible for the assault on Melilla shall be promptly punished. Other troops will be probably sent from Seville. The captain general of that place has been ordered to hold troops in readiness to start for Morocco at once, should it be found that the force already forwarded should not be strong enough to cope with the Moors. A large quantity of munitions of war and provisions has already been sent to Melilla.

THE CLAN-NA-GAEL AGAIN.

Alleged That the Order is Being Reorganized.

London, Oct. 5.—The Pall Mall Gazette publishes a long interview with an officer of the secret service, who was employed by the British government since the Parnell movement. He said that the officer referred to is Le Carom, whose name became well known on both sides of the Atlantic in connection with the Pigott disclosures and the famous suit against the London Times. In the interview referred to, the man supposed to be LeCarom says that the Clan na Gael is being reorganized in the United States under the leadership of Patrick Egan and of Patrick Ford. This movement, he claims, is the result of rejection by the house of lords of the home rule bill.

FOUND A NEW GOLD FIELD,

And Also Discovered the Source of the Mackenzie River.

Toronto, Ont., Oct. 10.—R. G. McConnell, who was sent by the Ottawa government on an exploring expedition in the Mackenzie river district, has arrived at Vancouver, and reports that he has discovered the source of the Mackenzie river to be a lake at the head of the Findley river, and that gold was found by him in abundance 250 miles along the Findley river.

PEACE AT BUENOS AYRES.

The Argentine Revolution Now at an End.

Washington, Oct. 5.—The department of State has a dispatch from Secretary Fishback, now in charge of the legation at Buenos Ayres, stating that the revolution is at an end and peace prevails throughout the country.

OVER A VOLCANO.

There is a Feeling in Europe That War is Coming.

Paris, Oct. 4.—Special cablegrams indicate that all Europe is resting on a volcano which may cause trouble at any moment.

The political situation is bad and the danger of war is increasing day by day. The tension is almost at the breaking point and due to the news of the visit of the Russian fleet to France. The state of affairs may be compared to the time when the German newspapers announced—"Krieg in sicht."

The danger above all comes from Italy which has got to the end of her resources, and she believes that war is the only way out of her difficulty. Throughout Italy preparations for war are visible. Thousands of shells are being transported to the Isle of Maladetta and the corps d'armee of the north of Italy is preparing for mobilization.

Those who are in the entourage of King Humbert speak of the probability of war without reserve. The support of Germany is considered as certain. It is the very worst news Berlin has had and is the evident consequence of the Italian policy.

No insult was offered to the foreign officers at the French manoeuvres, but there is an evident intention to create a bad feeling against France and bid her defiance. France has done nothing to excite fear. Nobody in France wants to see war break out. This Italian fretfulness, however, will be suffered only up to a certain point.

There is another grave matter giving cause for fear—the visit of the Russian officers to Paris. The enthusiasm will be great and the whole population will turn out to receive them. The greatest fear of all is that agents may be present, sent by interested powers to do something to provoke a war. Every precaution has been taken, but how to prevent cries among the crowd that may bring about disturbance and the manifestation of hostility is a problem.

The czar has done all he could to establish the pacific character of the fleet sent to Toulon. France does not want to go to war, and it is said that the German people have no desire for war. It is only Italy which is anxious to fight, and, as the proverb says —"He who has nothing, risks nothing." That is the only danger to a continuance of peace.

SEVENTEEN THOUSAND MEN IDLE.

Military Assistance Asked by Belgium Officials.

Charleroi, Belgium, Oct. 7.—The ranks of the strikers have been increased and there are now 17,000 men idle. The men are threatening in their demeanor and groups of them are holding parades and acting in a disorderly manner in various parts of the district. The mine owners have become alarmed at the demonstrations of the men and have applied for military assistance. Their request has been complied with and two detachments of cavalry are now on their way to that place.

ANOTHER WAR NOW PROBABLE.

This Time it is Chile and Bolivia Against Peru.

New York, Oct. 6.—A Panama special to a morning papers says: Sacna advices report that Chile is sending 400 cavalry horses, eight Krupp guns and 10,000 Mannlicher rifles to Bolivia. This is taken to indicate an alliance hostile to Peru, the two countries—Chile and Bolivia—believing that in her present straits Brazil could not lend a helping hand to Peru. Nothing is known of the attitude Equador would assume should this report prove true.

EFFECTS OF A REDUCED TARIFF.

Germany Must Now Legislate for Her Poor Farmers.

London, Oct. 6—The correspondent of the Times at Berlin says that in view of the coming elections for the lower house of the Prussian Diet, the Free conservative party has issued a manifesto, which says that bad harvests and low prices, combined with a reduction in the protectionist tariffs have so depressed agriculture, that immediate legislation for the benefit of the farmers is necessary. The manifesto concludes with an appeal to all patriots to join the banner against the socialist and radical movements.

TWENTY THOUSAND SOCIALISTS.

They Meet in Vienna and Ask for Universal Franchise.

Vienna, Oct. 10.—Over 20,000 Socialists assisted at the various meetings which took place here yesterday evening. The speeches made were moderate in tone, and in favor of universal franchise.

One of the me

THE GREAT YACHT RACE

THE AMERICAN YACHT VIGILANT WINS TWO RACES,

The Third to be Sailed on Thursday—The Valkyrie Not so Fast as Her Yankee Rival.

New York, Oct. 7.—When the sun rose this morning through the mist, a fleet of pretty yachts, large and small, rocked peacefully at anchor off the Atlantic Yacht Club house at Bay Ridge, opposite Staten Island. There was the millionaire's yacht Valiant, of the Vanderbilts, having the family of Lord Dunraven on board, and there was the tiny catboat, owned by most any one who wanted her.

Also present at that anchorage were the two gallant cup contestants, Vigilant, the pride of the United States, and Valkyrie, the hope of Great Britain; the one a think of beauty in white, the other a beautiful thing in black; both graceful, but defiant; each determined to battle to the utmost for the aquatic championship of the world.

The good showing made by the Valkyrie on Thursday, when the drifting match she engaged in with the Vigilant landed her about three quarters of a mile ahead, as near as could be judged in the fog, when the race was declared off, owing to the fact that neither yacht could finish within the specified time of six hours, gained additional friends for her, and increased the interest taken in the international cup contest. The average landsman admits that there are absolutely no flies on the British yacht, and it is admitted that the contest will be a good one, a grand one, perhaps, that the Vigilant will win in the long run.

30,000 People Astir.

Thus it was that the early morning hours in this city, in spite of last night's rain and to-day's mist, again saw from 20,000 to 30,000 people, if not more, hastening to the hundreds of excursion craft, large and small, which were prepared, at so much per head, to give the enterprising citizen

LORD DUNRAVEN.

on yachting bent, a day of life on the ocean blue, with accompaniments of frothy beer and cast iron sandwiches at starvation prices.

The scenes down the bay at 9:30 this morning were calculated to make even a confirmed dyspeptic feel jovial. The sun was shining with dazzling brightness; the rain of last night had cleared the air until it was positively delightful; every point of vantage was crowded black with people, the bands upon the flag-bedecked excursion fleet added liveliness to the scene by sending forth upon the clear morning air the liveliest strains of brass-winded harmony they were capable of producing.

The Contestants Appear.

At 9:39 the Vigilant was off the Hook in tow, with her mainsail up and a little later the Valkyrie was seen, also in tow, in the same waters, hoisting her mainsail. The two boats were close together, and looked very pretty.

11 a. m.—Flagboat May signals that the course will be fifteen miles northeast, to windward or leeward. At the time this signal was set, the wind was west northwest, which would make the course east southeast to leeward and back to windward.

11:16—The preparatory gun has just been fired.

11:29—The yachts start; the Valkyrie first over the line.

12:15 p. m.—The yachts are half a mile apart, but drawing closer together; the Vigilant hedging down towards the Valkyrie.

12:30 p. m.—The Vigilant has not only overcome the Valkyrie's lead, but has a better lead than the Valkyrie had at the start. Unless the Valkyrie can do better on the wind than running, her chances of winning are small. They are now sailing between six and seven knots an hour.

Highland, Oct. 7.—Vigilant turned at 1:50 1-2. She turned stake boat heading to windward on starboard tack. The boats passed each other, Vigilant beating to windward, while Valkyrie was bound to the first turn.

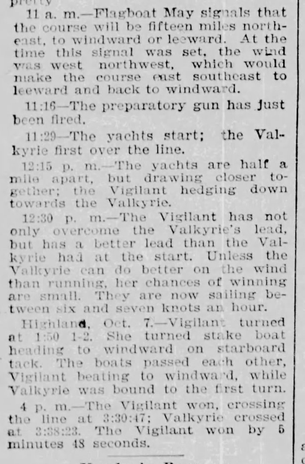
4 p. m.—The Vigilant won, crossing the line at 3:30:47; Valkyrie crossed at 3:38:23. The Vigilant won by 5 minutes 48 seconds.

Monday's Race.

New York, Oct. 9.—At grey dawn this morning, Bay Ridge, the anchoring place of the Valkyrie and Vigilant, presented the same animated scene as on Thursday and Saturday last at the same time of day. Two pretty racing craft, surrounded by a big fleet of pleasure vessels, were preparing for another struggle for the America's cup.

At 8 a. m., when the Associated Press staff of yachting representatives got down to work at the Associated Press special observation points at Rockaway Beach, Sandy Hook, on top of the tall towers of the Navesink Highland lights, and on board the Associated Press yacht, loaded with crates of carrier pigeons, the sky had cleared nicely, and a fair ten knot breeze was blowing. The excursion steamers were loaded up with human freight, beer, ice, luncheon and enthusiasm, for, be it known, there is as much interest taken in the yacht race to-day as there was in the first meeting of the rival beauties.

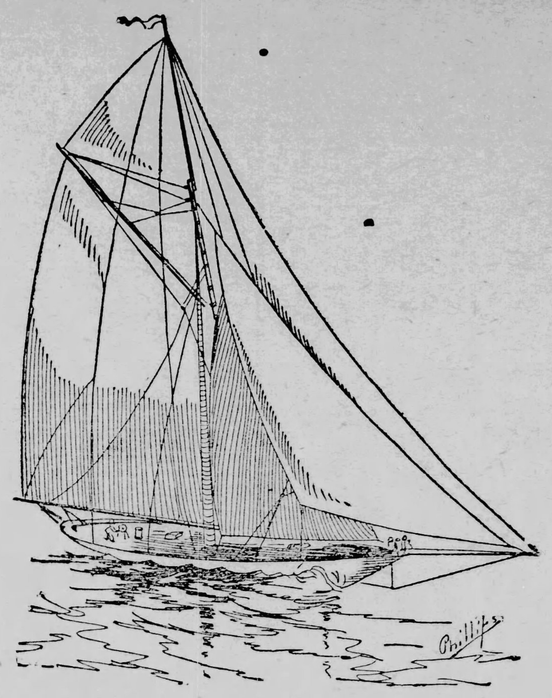
At 8 a. m. the yachting procession commenced to head towards the lower bay. Fort Wadsworth, Fort Hamil-



THE COURSE MONDAY.

ton, the Navesink Highlands, Sandy Hook, and other points of good view of the race, are peopled with the usual crowds of enthusiasts. Forty thousand people are at the Hook today.

At the hour of 9 the Valkyrie and the vigilant could be seen in tow, making for the Hook. The weather was delightful, a cool, southwest wind was blowing at the rate of about twelve miles an hour, with indications of more wind, which is an outcome anxiously hoped for by all. There was a light haze on the water; but it seemed to be clearing away as the day wore on. Following the yachts, flagship and stakeboats down the



THE AMERICAN YACHT VIGILANT.

bay, came the first of the yachts loaded with sightseers, the early birds of the excursion fleet, and the steamers chartered by the different yacht clubs, all flying clouds of flags, and making the air ring with the music of a small army of bands of the most torturing species.

They Are Under Way.

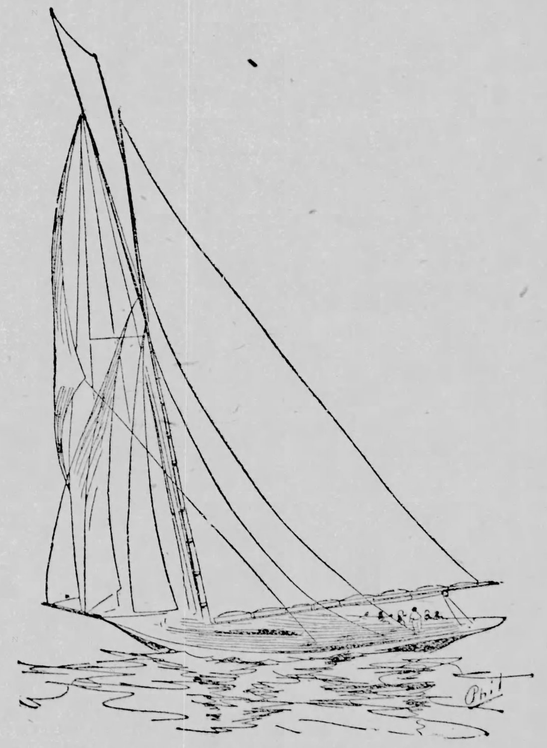
Highlands, 11:26.—The Valkyrie crossed the mark at 11:25 the Vigilant about five seconds after.

At 12:10 the Vigilant sailed in the lead.

Highlands, 1:15 p. m.—Vigilant rounded the stake boat at 1:09, the Valkyrie three minutes and fifteen seconds later.

1:59 1-2 p. m.—Valkyrie turns with difference between them about eight minutes.

Sandy Hook, 2:55 p. m.—The Vigilant crossed the home line at 2:50, leading the Valkyrie by 12 1-2 minutes. The American yacht was received with cheers and the tooting of thousands of horns. The Americans



THE ENGLISH YACHT VALKYRIE.

are now confident that the America's cup will remain here.

HISTORY OF THE CUP RACES.

How the America Cup Has Been Held Heretofore.

New York, Oct. 5.—(Special.)—For a year the yachting enthusiasts of the two continents have been looking forward with a most intense interest to the race between England and America for the possession of the American cup. If con-

THE AMERICA'S CUP.

ditions are proper, the Valkyrie, owned by Lord Dunraven, is to make the race against the Vigilant, the representative of the New York yacht club, and owned by the Iselin syndicate. American yachtsmen have spent several hundred thousand dollars in their efforts to build the best possible cup defender, and the Vigilant was chosen after a bitter struggle between it and the Colonia, the Jubilee and the Pilgrim.

The story of the America cup is an interesting one. It was won by the schooner yacht America on August 22, 1851, in a race around the Isle of Wright, England, against a fleet of six schooners and seven sloops of the Royal Yacht squadron. In 1857 the America's owners presented the cup to the New York Yacht club for a perpetual international challenge cup. The instrument conveying the cup to the club is known as the first deed of gift. On August 8, 1870, the English schooner yacht Cambria raced for the cup against a fleet of schooners repre-

C. OLIVER ISELIN,
(Owner of the Vigilant.)

senting the New York Yacht club, and was defeated, the schooner Magic winning. In October, 1871, the English schooner yacht Livonia sailed against boats selected to meet her, and was beaten in four of the races, once by the Columbia and twice by the Sappho. On August 11 and 12, 1876, the Canadian schooner yacht Countess of Dufferin sailed for the cup, and was defeated by the schooner yacht Madeline. The next race for the cup was in November, 1881, when the American sloop Mischief defeated the Canadian sloop Atlanta. In 1882 the New York Yacht club returned the cup to George L. Schuyler, the only survivor

CAPT. HANSON, OF THE VIGILANT.

of the original donors, that he might give it back to the club under new conditions. Mr. Schuyler made a second deed of gift, which provided that the challenging boat should belong to some recognized foreign yacht club having an annual regatta over an ocean yacht course, the competition to be of not less than thirty or more than 300 tons register, and to sail on its own bottom to the port where the contest took place. In September, 1885, the English cutter Genesta came over and sailed for the cup, and was beaten by the sloop Puritan. In September, 1886, the cutter Galatea, representing the Royal Northern Yacht club, was defeated by the American yacht Mayflower. In September, 1887, the cutter Thistle, of the Royal Clyde Yacht club, was defeated by the Volunteer. The cup was then again returned to Mr. Schuyler, who restored it to the club under a third deed of gift, the "defension clause" of which requires that a foreign yacht intending to compete for the cup shall challenge ten months before the proposed races, and shall give with the challenge the length on load-water line, beam at load-water line, extreme beam and draught of water; these dimensions not to be exceeded.

Then came the challenge from the Valkyrie, and after a long and tiresome correspondence the conditions were slightly changed and a match arranged.

The Valkyrie, in the races she had Thereby are few better sailers than Captain Hansen, of the Vigilant. He has followed the sea from almost childhood. He came to America ten or twelve years ago. The first time he came prominently before the yachting world was when he sailed the schooner Sachem in her races. Later he went to the Quickstep. He is still captain of the Quickstep, and was only loaned to Mr. Iselin's syndicate to command the Vigilant this season.

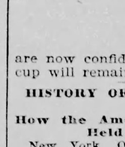
The captain is comparatively young, being about 40 years old. That he is a master of details and a great organizer of men is no doubt to be seen by the marvelous rapidity with which the Vigilant was handled in all of her races can deny.

The Ways and Means committee has authorized a favorable report on the Bynum resolution permitting foreign exhibitors at the World's Fair to sell goods and reducing for customs purposes the appraisal of goods sold 20 per cent.

Secretary Carlisle has issued new rules making securer the guards against the improper revelation of the transactions of the department.

HOW BABIES SUFFER

When their tender Skins are literally ON FIRE with Itching and Burning Eczemas and other Itching, Scaly, and Blotchy Skin and Scalp Diseases, with Loss of Hair, none but mothers realize, I know that a single application of the



CUTICURA

Remedies will afford Immediate relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy and economical cure, and not to fail in your duty. Parents, save your children years of needless suffering from torturing and disfiguring eruptions. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

"How to Cure Skin Diseases" mailed free.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.

PAINS AND WEAKNESSES

Relieved in one minute by that new, elegant, and infallible Antidote to Pain, Inflammation, and Weakness, the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. 25 cents.

THE INDUSTRIAL DEPRESSION.

Less Than Half the Wages Paid and Fewer Than Half the Workmen Employed.

New York, Oct. 5.—The American Economist in to-day's issue contains in the form of a leading article a report of the industrial census that has just been taken by the American Protective Tariff League. The condition of manufacturing industries and wholesale and retail trade are compared for the weeks ending September 2, 1893, and November 5, 1892. With reference to the first mentioned week the report says:

"Orders for goods had been cancelled, the demand for goods had fallen off; there was little or no buying, markets were demoralized and business was paralyzed, the erection of proposed buildings had been stopped, no new work was being undertaken and economy was enforced everywhere. It was difficult for men in business to procure money and jobbers were largely reducing their stocks of goods and generally there was a lack of confidence throughout the country."

Decrease in Force and Wages.

The report continues: "From our census it appears that the same industries which, during the week ending November 5, 1892, were employed 143,401 hands, were during the week ending September, 1893, employing only 56,384 hands. This was a decrease of 87,017 people employed or 61 per cent.

"In the matter of wages we are sorry to say that the difference is even greater. Employers who were paying $1,509,891 in wages during the week ending November 5, 1892, were only paying in the same establishments during the week ending September 2, 1893, the amount of $459,089.04. This was a decrease of $1,050,802 or 69 1-2 per cent less money circulated in weekly wages.

Trade Decreased One-Half.

"The fact was reported from all sections of the country that labor was abundant and cheaper than last year and willing to work for less money. Some factories were running without orders, merely, as stated by the employers to try and help their labor. A few were still running on contracts that had been entered into early in the year but will close later. Practically there was but one-half the amount of trade being done throughout the country during the week ending September 2, 1892, that there was during the week ending November 5, 1893."

MISS POLLARD'S FRIENDS

Believe That the Colonel is in a Very Deep Hole.

Paris, Ky., Oct. 6.—Mr. Breckinridge's friends in this city are alarmed at the feeling aroused by the articles sent out by the congressman's bureau of correspondence. The statement that Miss Pollard's aunt, Mrs. Oliver, was plaintiff in the celebrated Cameron-Oliver suit is such a palpable falsehood that they fear it will react upon the colonel's head. Then, too, Mr. Breckinridge's bureau has published many things about J. D. Pollard calculated to tarnish his good name, not referring to the fact that Mr. Pollard was one of the leading Odd Fellows of the state, holding the office of grand master of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky.

A friend of Col. Breckinridge explained to-day why advantage was not taken of the law granting the congressman immunity from arrest and trial while Congress is in session. This friend said, not for publication, that Mr. Breckinridge was afraid of a trial in Central Kentucky. It was thought that Washington knew him as an orator, but Lexington knew him, too, and that he would fare better there. This friend was in a rage over Breckinridge's friends' action in raking up ancient history. The case is increasing in interest and Mrs. Luke P. Blackburn is now in Kentucky giving it fresh impetus.

MISS POLLARD'S BABY.

A Sturdy Boy and Looks Like Col. Breckinridge.

Paris, Ky., Oct. 10.—Many people have asked where the child of Miss Pollard, who is suing Col. Breckinridge, was hidden. According to Miss Pollard, the boy was born in Cincinnati. It is now claimed that shortly after its birth it was adopted by ex-Judge Van B. Young, who died a few years ago, and who was at one time a judge of the Superior court of Kentucky. The child, it is said, is now being reared by the judge's widow, who is living in Bath county.

The boy is now a sturdy little fellow of nine years. He is known as Stoddard Young, and bears a striking resemblance to the Kentucky orator. Judge Young and Congressman Breckinridge were close friends and were very intimate. Neighbors of the judge say that several times before his death, when the boy was under discussion, the judge remarked: "Stoddard has some of the best blood in the state in his veins, and his father is a Congressman."

SHOULD BE INVESTIGATED.

Government Officials Charged With Wholesale Stealing.

Kansas City, Oct. 6.—A Star's Oklahoma special says: The people of Oklahoma and the Cherokee Strip have become aroused over the enormity of the frauds incident to the recent opening of the Strip, and are wiring Delegate Flynn, at Washington, to force an investigation. An investigation, it is claimed, will disclose a great many cases of fraud that have not yet come to the surface.

The people claim that besides the alleged corruption practiced at the registration booths by the officials, a steal of much larger proportions was perpetrated in the heart of the city of Perry. It is alleged that, with the aid of the soldiers, certain government officers and deputy marshals stole whole blocks of valuable lots in Perry; also that at Perry the bribery and corruption in the line waiting to file was open and unblushing.

A CONVENTION OF CRANKS.

Such Is the Pan-American Bimetallic Meeting at St. Louis.

St. Louis, Oct. 6.—With "Bloody Bridles" Waite, Mary Ellen Lease, Gen Weaver and others of less note, affairs at the bimetallic convention have been kept lively. They have discussed everything from removing the national capital out West to making estimates on how much money has been poured into Washington to buy Congress. Between times the delegates denounced President Cleveland as an enemy and betrayer of the people. No business of importance is being transacted.

NEBRASKA DEMOCRATS FIGHT.

Bryan Knocked Out by the Administration Men.

Lincoln, Neb., Oct. 5.—In the Democratic state convention here yesterday Congressman Bryan and free silver was completely knocked out by Secretary Morton and the administration Democrats. Bryan's candidate for chairman was snowed under, Bryan, himself, forced off the committee on resolutions, and defeat met the Nebraska congressman at every stage of the game. Democrats are all in fighting costume and there is blood on the moon.

MASSACHUSETTS REPUBLICANS.

Talk Straight Out In Their State Convention.

Boston, Oct. 7.—The Republican state convention met at Music hall this morning. William A. Bancroft of Cambridge, was made chairman. Ex-Congressman Greenhalge was nominated for governor by acclamation.

In Memory of Parnell.

New York, Oct. 9.—The central council of the Irish Independent party, with their friends and brethren gathered last night in the Grand Opera-house hall to celebrate the memory of Charles Stewart Parnell. The old hall was decorated with patriotic emblems, while the picture of the great Irish leader, standing on the platform, was draped with crepe. A glowing eulogy on the dead statesman was delivered by James Clancy.

CHICAGO DAY BEAT 'EM ALL.

Even That City Is Surprised Now It is Over.

Chicago, Oct. 10.—Paid admissions at the fair yesterday, 713,646; passes, 37,380; total, 751,025.

The crowd was bigger yesterday than that which assembled at the Paris exhibition on the banner day of that fair. The crush throughout the grounds was simply indescriba-

THE COUPON SOUVENIR.

ble. Around the Administration building, on the grand plaza, the people were simply packed together in one immovable mob. In many portions of the grounds it was the same story. The Midway Plaisance presented a scene of animation unusual even for that attractive feature of the fair.

It was a crowd covering 1,000 acres of ground as completely almost as if it had been moulded. Paris, on its banner day, passed through the gates of its exhibition 397,150 people, and the crowd at the fair yesterday was double that number, without a doubt.

The exposition was transformed into fairy land at night. Bright lights flashed from every nook and crevice of the buildings. Search lights cut wide swaths on the sky. Multi-col-

DESIGN FOR "THE CHICAGO FIRE FLOAT."

ored rockets shot heavenward; showers of fire rained about the grand basin and on the lake front. Through it all the floats representing Chicago's progress were hauled. It was the grand climax of the festal days of the fair. Never before was there a sight so inspiring at the fair. The great white structures of the exhibition stood outlined against the heavens, and the whole was one superb blaze of glory.

There were a number of distressing accidents, owing to the great crush of people. The hospital record at 9 o'clock showed a total of not less than 40 slight casualties. Two hours later the number had increased to 125. Of these, the principal number were women who had fainted and fallen in a heap in the crushing and surging mass that seemed to have lost all powers of reason.

THE SUN HID ITS FACE.

Must Have Thought of Congress and Hoke Smith.

San Francisco, Oct. 10.—The annular phase of eclipse of the sun yesterday passed diagonally through the Pacific ocean in a general southeasterly direction nearly parallel with the western coast of North America, and extending from a point about 600 miles south of the Aleutian Island, at sunrise to Lima, Peru, at sunset. In this city the eclipse was only partial, and at the time of the greatest observation six-tenths of the sun's diameter, or nearly one- half of the area of the disc was obscure. The sky here was cloudless, and the atmosphere clear, giving good opportunity for observation. The first contact occurred at ten hours, nineteen minutes, twenty-seven seconds a. m.

The time of the greatest observation here was 11:40. A partial loss of sunlight was plainly noticeable, but the eclipse did not attract very general interest. The final contact occurred at 12 o'clock, 55 minutes and 9 seconds.

WORD FROM LIEUTENANT PEARY.

The Party When Heard From Was at Bowdoin Bay.

London, Oct. 10.—A letter from a member of the Peary expedition has been received by the Morgenblatt of Christiana, and says that the Falcon reached Bowdoin bay, Murchison sound, on August 3. By different shooting, twenty tons of walrus meat for the use of the dogs during the winter had been secured. A cache of provisions had been established on the inland ice for the use of the sledge party on their journey in the spring.

Lieut. Peary was going, with 50 dogs, to establish other depots and try to penetrate half way into Independence bay. A house built at McCormack bay by Lieut. Peary's party in 1891 had been demolished by the Esquimaux. Mrs. Peary was enjoying fine health and vigor, and takes part in most of the shooting trips. Mrs. Feary will remain for the present in the house at Bowdoin bay.

THEIR MARRIAGES VOID.

More Than 1,000 Couples Affected by Judge Shepard's Decision.

Austin, Tex., Oct. 6.—Judge Shepard of the Bowie county district court, has rendered a decision which makes illegal more than 1,000 marriages in Bowie county. For ten years prior to January last it was the custom of county clerk for the convenience of those desiring to marry, to fill out licenses in blank and leave them with justices of the peace, who supplied them to persons making application, filling out the license and collecting the fees. More than 1,000 couples were married with such licenses, including many of the highest social standing. The court now holds that all such marriages were illegal and void. The case will be appealed to the Supreme court.

WORK OF THE YELLOW JACK.

More New Cases at Brunswick, Ga.

Brunswick, Ga., Oct. 10.—The official report yesterday gives 30 new cases, four whites and twenty-six colored. Official recapitulation: Cases under treatment, 184; discharged, 83; died, 16; total, 283. Ratio of mortality, 5.6 per cent.

Rumors of smallpox have been circulated for several days past. Surgeon Murray to-day investigated. It was said to exist at quarantine on the bark Minerva, but Surgeon Murray found none. A. J. Lisle, a quarantine guard was stricken with yellow fever last night, and brought into town for treatment. Secretary Cragg reports two new cases at Jesup today, J. H. Williams and a child.

LADY SOMERSET COMING.

She Will Preside Over the World's Woman's Temperance Union.

Chicago, Oct. 6.—Lady Henry Somerset sails from Southampton, October 7, to preside over the second biennial convention of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, to be held in the Art Palace, Chicago, October 15 and 17, and to attend the National W. C. T. U. convention, which immediately follows, preaching the annual sermon for that society October 22. Miss Willard remains in England, where she is slowly but surely regaining her health. Her physician advises one year's entire absence from public speaking.

TOM REED AND JOE FORAKER.

The Two Krupp Guns at Columbus Friday.

Columbus, O., Oct. 9.—The dates on which ex-Speaker Reed, of Maine, will speak in Ohio, have been arranged by the Republican State Executive committee. His first speech will be at Cincinnati, October 12, and the second at Columbus, October 13. Ex-Governor Foraker telegraphed the committee that he would speak in this city with Mr. Reed, and it is probable he will also accompany the ex-Speaker to Cleveland, where the third and last speech will be delivered October 14.

TWO GIRLS ARE MARRIED.

Jefferson County Furnishes Another Ward-Mitchell Affair.

Toronto, O., Oct. 5.—This town has a sensation of unusual proportions and society is shocked as it never was before, all because a person who has been masquerading in women's clothes has announced itself a man, married and proved the real sex. The groom in the case was called Sallie Stringer, and Augustus Cothen was born in Warren township, this county, has always lived hereabouts and has worn girl's clothes always. The features are delicate and, as there is no growth of beard, the sex has never been doubted, until lately, when, because of her fondness for women, suspicions have arisen.

The bride is Mary Brinkman, a native of Quincy, Ill., and was employed for some time as a nurse in a hospital in Columbus, where Miss Stringer, or Mr. Cothen was undergoing treatment at one time, and where an attachment sprang up which has resulted in the marriage. She has been living in Toronto about three months.

Tuesday night, after the marriage by Justice Whitcomb, the authorities failing to find law under which to arrest Cothen, if he was not a man, a committee of men and one physician waited on Cothen and asked him to prove his sex. He excused himself and went up stairs. He was to come back but as he did not within a reasonable time, one of the committee was sent up stairs to investigate and returned with the word, "It has fainted." The wedded pair announced their intention of making their future home in St. Louis.

Cothen still persisted in wearing female attire, and accordingly yesterday the population of Toronto forced the groom, Sallie Stringer or Augusta Cothen, to undergo a medical examination to prove sex. A large crowd awaited the appearance of the physician, who, after an investigation, pronounced the groom a girl. The marriage does not hold good.

The United States steamer Albatross has arrived at San Francisco and reports Bering Sea so thoroughly patrolled by American and English vessels that poachers are scarce.

The Populist effort to muster out Company C of the Kansas National Guard has been prevented by the courts. The captain says he will order his men to hold their arms and use them, if necessary, on those who try to muster them out.

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Money, Crops, Trade.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

If an improvement in the financial situation depended on the accumulation of money at a given point, it might be truly be said that the city of New York was in a highly flourish condition, but these accumulations of money must be profitably used in energizing and promoting the general business of the country, before we can consider that the financial condition is even normal. The Senate of the United States, and it alone, is responsible for the inactivity of money at the present time, and its non-utilization in the ordinary channels of trade and commerce, by its failure as yet to pass the bill repealing the Sherman silver law.

Money on call is in abundant supply in the East, rates ranging between 3 and 1 1-2 per cent. Time money during last week did not rule active, owing to an exceedingly moderate demand. This did not, however, result in any material reduction in rates for the supply, while adequate to fill all needs, was not pressed upon the market. The scrutiny of collateral has been careful, but a good grade of mixed collateral, provided dividend-payers have been the predominant features, has been accepted. Six per cent is the rate for all periods. For commercial paper the market was slow. Quotation on Saturday were at 6 1-2@7 per cent for prime endorsed due notes, single names ranging from 7 to 10 per cent.

There is no new feature to note in the stock market Everything is waiting on the action of the Senate When repeal becomes an accomplished fact, there will be a strong upward movement, and a heavy buying demand for investment from abroad.

The silver market presents no noteworthy change. The government bought on Friday, 80,000 ounces of bullion at 73.7 cents per ounce. At that price the silver in the standard dollar is worth a small fraction over 57 cents, and, under free coinage, a pension of $12 a month would have an actual purchasing power of $8.88.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF TRADE.

Little Signs of Improvements in Commercial Circles.

New York, Oct. 7.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade will say: It is difficult to detect any signs of improvement. While there has been some addition to the number of manufacturing establishments, and the number of hands at work during the past week, it is becoming painfully clear that the orders obtained do not suffice to keep employed at full time even the limited force at present engaged.

Reports from other cities disclose a distinct check in business. There is, on the whole, less activity and less confidence regarding the future than there was a week ago, and this is in many cases attributed to the uncertainty regarding the monetary future, which delay in the Senate causes. The stock of money in New York banks has increased rapidly, and the retirement of clearing house certificates here and at other cities shows a great improvement in the monetary situation.

CONDITION OF THE IRON TRADE.

No More Business, but More Producers in Operation.

Cleveland, Oct. 5.—The Iron Trade Review this week says: The situation in the iron market to-day is summed up in the statement that while there is very little, if any, more business going on than at the same time last week, there are more producers in operation anxious to get what there is. This is particularly the case with all finished material. The mills that resumed did so on the strength of a handful of orders, in most cases, and the desire to increase tonnage so as to decrease costs, leads to unheard of quotations on all contracts of any size that come up.

THE COTTON CONDITION.

Unfavorable Weather the Cause of Retrogression.

Washington, Oct. 10.—The October report of the statistical division of the department of Agriculture, makes cotton show a decline of 2.7 points from the September condition, which was 73.4, as against 70.7 for this month. The condition of cotton in the month of June was 85.6, declining to 82.7 in July and to 80.4 in August, losing from that time to the present 2.7 points. The regressive tendency has been persistent during the season.

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Toledo, O., Oct. 10, 1893.

The following shows changes in government bonds during the last week:

	Oct. 10.	Oct. 3.
U. S. 4s, coupons	111½	111
U. S. 4s registered	111	110
U. S. 2s, reg. ed	98	(Bid) 98
Pacific 6s of 1895	102	102

Condition of the Grain Market at the Close To-Day.

The wheat market at the Toledo Exchange was again lower this forenoon. The Liverpool market came 1-2d lower and at London there was but very little inquiry. The result was a downward tendency here. Corn was dull but steady. Clover seed was taken fairly well, with but little change as compared with yesterday.

No. 2 soft red wheat, 64 1-4c, 1-4c decline.

December, 67 1-2c, then 67 1-4c, 1-4c lower; May, 73 1-8@74 7-8c, 1-8c decline.

Corn—No. 2, 40 1-2c.

Oats—No. 2, 29 1-2c.

Rye—No. 2, 48 1-2c.

Clover seed—Prime, cash and October, $3.42 1-2; January, $3.67 1-2.

The Close at Toledo—Wheat Lower.

Trade was dull in wheat this afternoon, and pending the government report, prices eased off at the close. As compared with the opening, prices were off about ¾c to 1c, and on preceding day, 1@1½c. No. 2 soft red wheat, 64¼c, and finally 64½c; No. 3 soft red wheat, 61¾c; No. 2 white, 62c.

October wheat, 64½c; November, 65¼c; December, 67¾@67¼, less price to close; May, 75½c, then 74½c.

October corn opened at New York at 47 1-8c, and rose to 47 3-4c; December, 48 1-4c.

Prices of wheat to-day:

	Opened	Highest.	Lowest.	Close
Oct.	....	....	....	64¼
Toledo	....	....	....	64¼
Chicago	64	64	63¾	64
New York	63¾	63¾	63¼	63¾
December—				
Toledo	67¼	67½	67¼	67¼
Chicago	67	67⅜	67¼	67⅜
New York	72⅜	72¾	72⅜	72½

May wheat opened at 74¾c, rose to 74⅞c, fell to 74½c, and closed at 74⅝@74⅞c. At New York May wheat opened at 79¾c, rose to 80c, fell to 79½c and closed at 79⅝c bid.

Corn Dull, Steady.

The market for corn was neglected. No. 2 was worth about 40½c.

Oats—No. 2, 29½c.

Rye—No. 2, 48½c.

Clover Seed Active, Steadier.

The clover seed market was active, with a little better feeling at the close. Receipts, 2,180 bags; shipments, 1,500 bags. Prime cash and October, $3.45; November, $3.50; December, $3.60; January, $3.67½; February, $3.77½; No. 2 seed, $3.25.

THE MARKETS ELSEWHERE.

Wheat Lower All Around—Corn Dull, but Steadier.

The trade in wheat was confined within moderate limits at the forenoon session, with prices ruling lower. The increase in the visible—two and three-quarter million bushels—had a weakening effect on the market. As compared with yesterday the markets were off about 1-4c. October wheat at Chicago sold at 64¾c; December 67c, 66 7-8c, 67 1-8c, then 66 7-8c; May, 74 3-4c, 74 7-8c, and afterward 74 1-2c. At New York October wheat opened at 63 7-8c, after which none sold; December, 75 5-8c, 75 3-4c and 72 1-2.

Corn was not a favorite in the deal, but prices had a good tone, and a fractional decline. October corn at Chicago, 39 1-8c, then 38 7-8c; November, 39 5-8c, 40c, then 39 3-4@39 7-8c. Increase in the visible during the week, 742,000 bushels. The increase in oats was 700,000 bushels.

The Close Elsewhere.

Trade was fair in wheat, this afternoon. The demand for export reached good proportions in the aggregate—226,270 bu. wheat and 262,134 barrels of flour, or wheat and flour to wheat, 508,404 bushels. The market would have looked better if the wheat in store were less than the visible makes it. There was a belief that the forthcoming government report would be bearish on wheat and bullish on corn. Of course this is largely guess work. At Chicago there was an evening up, the shorts absorbing all offerings. Prices closed with but little change as compared with the opening.

Corn Fair Trade Steady.

The market early showed firmness, on decrease of stock at Chicago of 574,000 bushels. Afterward there was an easier feeling, and the market closed steady. At Chicago October corn opened at 39 1-8c, fell to 39c, rose to 39 1-2c, and closed at 39 1-8c; November, 39 5-8c, 40c, 39 1-2c, and finally 39 3-4c; December, 39 1-4c, 39 1-8c, 39 5-8c, and to close, 39 1-2@39 5-8c.

Toledo Produce Market.

The market was active this morning. Prices were steady for most things. Butter is firm. Eggs in fair supply but firm.

Butter—Creamery, 28@30c; fair quality, 22@25c.

Eggs—Strictly fresh, 20c.

Vegetables—Corn, green, doz ears, 7c; peppers, bu, 60c; cabbages, doz, 30@50c; carrots, bu, 40c; parsnips, bu, 50c; turnips, bu, 50c; onions, bu, 70@75c; potatoes, bu, 65@70c; sweet potatoes, bbl, $3.25; cucumbers for pickling, 25@40c; onions, for pickling, $1.50 to $2.50; cattor for very small white; yellow pumpkins, doz, 25@30c; celeriac, 40c; oyster plants, doz bunches, 40c; tomatoes, bu, ripe, 60@75c; tomatoes, green, 30c; egg plant, doz, 40@60c; sweet pumpkins, per doz, 40@50c.

Fresh Fish (Retail)—Fresh cod, pound, 10@12½c; roe shad, each, 75c; buck shad, 60c each; pompano, pound, 25c; black bass, pound, 15c; pickerel, pound, 10c; red snappers, pound, 12½c; mackerel, 15c; lobsters, each, 25c; striped bass, pound, 25c; herring, pound, 5c; smelts, pound, 12½c; whitefish, pound, 12½c; Kennebec river salmon, pound, 15c.

Dressed Meats—Hogs, per 100 lbs, $8; mutton, per lb, 6c; lambs, 7½c, calves, per lb, 7½c.

Poultry and Game—Pheasants, each, 25c; Mallard ducks, dressed, $1.00 per pair; green ducks, per pair, 75c; chickens, dressed, lb, 10@11c.

Fruits—Nutmeg melons, bbl, $1 to $1.25; watermelons, per 100, $10 to $15; apples, bu, hand-picked, $1; windfalls, 50@60c; pears, bbl, $1.25 to $2; pears, bu, $1 to $1.25; plums, peck, 25@50c; lemons, box, $3 to $4.50; oranges, half-box, $2.50; imported Malis, $7.50 to $4.75; cranberries, bu, $2.50 to $3; grapes, lb, 1½c.

Wool—Tub-washed, lb, 29@32c; unwashed, lb, 16@18c; sheep-pelts, 10@15c; shaved, 20@30c; for lamb pelts.

Salt Meats—Heavy mess pork, per bbl, $15; light mess, $15.75 to $16; clear mess, $18.00.

Hams—Sugar-cured, per lb, 15c; breakfast bacon, 14@15c; shoulders, 10c; bologna sausages, per lb, 6c.

Lard—Tierces, barrels, half-barrels and 50-pound tins, 11½c.

Hay—Mixed, per ton, $10.50 to $11; timothy hay, $